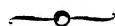


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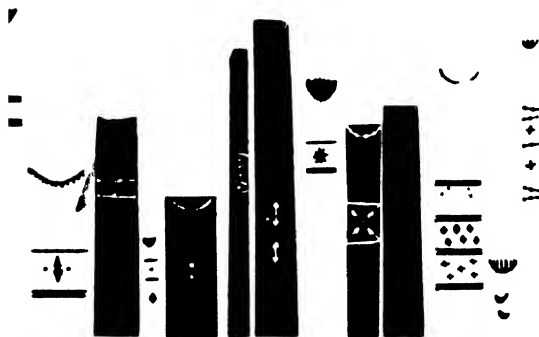


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A. J. ARMSTRONG

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Second Series



Edited by

A. JOSEPH ARMSTRONG, PH D , LITT. D.



*Founded 1845 at Independence
under the Republic of Texas*

HALIDE EDIE, *Inspiration of Browning*

HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN'S UNPUBLISHED LETTERS

BROWNING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES

KINGSLAND'S UNPUBLISHED REMINISCENCES

FIRST EDITIONS OF *Pauline*

MUSIC IN BAYLOR COLLECTION

SECOND BROWNING PILGRIMAGE

PUBLISHED BY BAYLOR UNIVERSITY
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1931

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BAYLOR UNIVERSITY PRESS
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MADAM HALIDE EDIB ANNAN'S
ADDRESS BEFORE
THE FIRST BROWNING PILGRIMAGE*

Friends and Pilgrims in Thought.

Supposing I fail to be present in person at the banquet to which you have invited me, I have decided to be present in spirit and in thought. Bear with me if I speak of myself as if I belonged to your learned company.

Although it would not be right to call myself a Browning scholar before the distinguished group who have given years of study to the works of the master, I can still call myself a Browning disciple without being guilty of presumption. I allowed myself to imagine that it would interest you to read a short resumé about the supreme significance of Browning's teaching and art on the mind of an individual in a very distant land.

My acquaintance with the master began during my college years. The first time I heard Browning read by a teacher of English (she did it splendidly) I was only fifteen. I loved everything beautiful, I loved everything simple as Orientals and children do, and I had stuck so far to things which could go to my heart and brain through my senses only. Yet at the same time I had the inferiority complex of a child for the grown-up in art, philosophy, and thought. I was curious to the degree of morbidness about the grown-up manifestations of those three things which baffled me, and the more they baffled me, the more I pursued them.

It was the *Grammarian's Funeral* which I heard first. And it sounded almost incomprehensible to me. I could not think of penetrating the thought and philosophy which dominated the short masterpiece. It was not the difficult message of life in the poem which arrested first my attention. It took me years and hard years to realize that this poem contained the key and the essence of Browning's philosophy of life and art. It was the swing of the coffin of the master, famous, calm, and dead; it was the mountain where man's thought became rarer and intenser; it was the procession, the rare picture which the whole poem visualized that took me to Browning first. It was Browning the artist which had caught my fancy. My mind followed my fancy very fast. Somehow the poem was interpreting Chopin's *Funeral March* in a new light and at a new angle. If the emphatic rhythm and the swing in Chopin's *March* were expressive and vivid enough to make a blind child imagine the rolling of a coffin carried on human shoulders, so was the picture evoked by Browning's masterpiece. We were as children very familiar with coffins carried on human shoulders in

*Madame Edib delivered this address with the marvellous fire and passion which she so eminently manifests as an orator. It was in London at the Hotel York, August, 1926.

Turkey. Coffins of the great, coffins of the poor, coffins of the Christian or the Moslem rolled majestically in great processions through the beautiful streets of old Istamboul.

I had only connected Chopin's *Funeral March* with the funerals of the great sultans and emperors. Although the swing and rhythm of Browning's austere lines blended and harmonized in my mind with the swing and rhythm of Chopin's music in sound and both visualized grand coffins borne on human shoulders, the personality of the dead had changed all of a sudden. I felt that the shrivelled and shabby old grammarian was of a royalty and majesty which had no border line in the grave. This seemed beyond the conception of a three dimensional little mind such as mine was then. I could not easily understand and take all this in through the evidence of my senses. But somehow the grammarian had stretched my inner being beyond the fetters of everyday life and everyday standards. I had before vaguely been conscious of things and people grown up beyond my surroundings, but I had never seen it portrayed as it was done in this grand poem of Browning's.

Browning with those lines had put a new meaning into the dilemma of life and death. I could no longer search for splendor and majesty only objectively. Beyond and above the incense, color, and magnificence of the street shows and processions, he had created a curious mountain from where one could look down at the life in the plains, where one could muse stretching one's mind infinitely.

"Let me know all! Prate not of most or least,
Painful or easy!
Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,
Ay, nor feel queasy"

It is the meaning of these lines which the teacher asked me on that memorable day. It would have been more befitting if I asked her instead. Somehow I had sense enough to see that I did not understand it then and if I did I could not interpret it by school book terms. It took me more than twenty-five years to get at the inner meaning of those lines.

Dr. Armstrong's letter asking me to send him a Turkish translation of a Browning poem, threw me into an intense Browning atmosphere. I took the master's book and went to Hampstead Heath. Imagining it to be a mountain I sat on, the grass and read it. Strangely enough, I read first the *Grammarian's Funeral*, particularly the lines which I have already quoted. I was in a despondent and almost despairing mood. It came to me in an overwhelming realization that I had been earnestly eating up the feast, even to the crumbs, and that I had never "prated of most or least," and of "painful or easy." Yet I had so often felt queasy, nay much more than queasy. What was the use of it? Supposing I had learned to take in the feast of life, all of it,

without feeling queasy in another twenty-five years, what of it? Were there more dimensions for the inquisitive and greedy human mind? Then I did feel angry with Browning and scolded him as Omar Khayyam scolds the Almighty Allah. Had Browning himself eaten up the feast even to the crumbs? What did he know about it all? Gradually I turned the pages and tried to realize those who represent the very reverse of this philosophy in their lives. I thought of those who choose the very best pieces of the feast, who eat, grab almost ferociously at the very best pieces of the laid out feast of life. It was a sorry vision, the vision of the easy-going pleasure seekers of life. From my mountain they seemed to be crawling in the plains. What poor specimens, what miserable specimens of humanity they seemed. Somehow they seemed to have lost the fourth dimensional capacity of the human soul. Instead of reaching out and stretching themselves to dimensions which raise us above the humdrum materialism of the human animal with two feet, they seemed to have turned into two dimensional creatures with surface lives, less than some animals. Then I felt that Browning did know. And as I plunged once more into his thoughts, passing from one phase to another phase of human emotion I fully saw that it was this particular philosophy which gave the artistic and human interest to his immortal poems.

After long hours with Browning on the Heath, I came back and translated the *Patriot*. Like his women, monks, soldiers, and thinkers, the patriot had the ring of life and truth. How Browning has followed with the keenest, kindest and broadest understanding the fumbblings of the human soul in every direction.

I had translated and published the *Patriot* some ten or twelve years ago with some other poems of Browning. Yet those years had to pass before I could see the reality and life of the poem. I had to know and touch individuals who die with the same serenity and tender humor on the scenes of their past triumphs, happy martyrs for a far off future. But Browning did not need to know such people in order to imagine and create them as the Almighty creates them. Therein lay his greatness. And I bowed once more after years to his genius and to his vast and tender humanity. I do not only admire him now. I have learned to love him and be grateful to him for understanding it all. We know that in art as well as in other directions the human genius is after the unbeaten track. We know that the great artist can turn the light over one single aspect of life with miraculous reality. But we also must know that men like Browning, artists who can absorb the whole of life, can light before us, can create before our eyes any unbeaten track in life and thought.

“That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue
Dies ere he knows it.”

"Others mistrust and say—"But time escapes:

Live now or never!"

He said, "What is time? Leave *Now* for dogs and apes,
Man has *Forever*."

At this particular moment of the world's history when the philosophy of *Now* is struggling hard to conquer the philosophy of *Forever*, I am grateful to Dr. Armstrong and to the Browning Pilgrims for throwing me into Browning once more. I find immense consolation in the above lines. They are like the lights of a lighthouse on a dark and stormy sea where a ship is threatened to lose its true direction.

Conscious or unconscious, articulate or inarticulate, every believer in the philosophy of *Forever* finds himself very much in the position of that ship. Each time an individual or a group expresses the philosophy of *Forever* more lights appear on the dark and dangerous horizon of the world and I cling with greater warmth to my—what seems at times—lonely belief:

The desire for the deeper signification of life is accumulating. It is expressed in all human efforts in the search for spiritual values and forces. The reaction against the purely materialistic order of things is imminent. As to the time when it will triumph, I say with the master:

"What is time? Leave *Now* to the dogs and apes,
Man has *Forever*."

A LETTER FROM FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE TO ROBERT BROWNING

(Original in Baylor Browning Collection)

10, South Street
Park Lane, W.
Oct. 8

Dear Sir:

I can only repeat what I said before that Mr. Jewett's Doctor does not think him 'out of the wood' and enjoins complete rest.

And Mr. Jewett had just said to me: I must go into my room and rest. I have only seen him myself today three-fourths of an hour. I consider that his being able to resume work depends on rest, as an old nurse.

Yet I feel I am taking a great responsibility because he will be disappointed.

If you decide not to see him I shall hope he will not know you have been here.

F. N.

R. Browning

HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN

By Hudson Long

Lady Helena Faucit Martin, wife of Sir Theodore Martin, was born in 1817 and died in 1898. She was a very successful actress of the highest class. Her talent came to her quite naturally as her mother and father had both followed the stage as a profession and had attained distinction, her father as a dramatic author as well as an actor. As a child Lady Martin showed her love for all things dramatic. She became steeped in Shakspeare and Milton and would often declaim the speeches of Satan when she was sure there was no one to spy on her.

At the age of sixteen she made her debut as Julia in *The Hunchback* at the Covent Garden Theatre in London. This first performance was a great success, and her reputation was made. She was given the part of Juliet in *Romeo and Juliet* and since she had read and lived with the great heroines of Shakspeare from her childhood it was no surprise that she was again successful. This began her brilliant career as a Shakspearean actress which was to make her known the world over as an interpreter of remarkable talent and real power. Her portrayals of Imogene, Lady Macbeth, and Portia made for her a distinct place in the history and tradition of the English-speaking stage, and there were many theatre-goers of her time who believed her to be the greatest of all Rosalinds.

She travelled to Paris where she performed in *King Rene's Daughter*, a play which had been adapted from the Danish by Theodore Martin, whom she later married. After her marriage she gave up her career almost entirely. Despite her withdrawal from the stage Lady Martin never lost interest in the theatre. She was a constant attendant, the author of a number of magazine articles concerning dramatic matters, and of a book, *On Some of the Female Characters of Shakespeare*.

Her connection with Browning was brought about by her creation of the rôle of Lady Carlisle in *Strafford*. During the preparations for the production of this drama she made the acquaintance of the poet. This meeting developed into a friendship which lasted throughout Browning's life. Her husband said that she had been quick to recognize the genius of Browning. *Paracelsus* was one of her favorite poems. Browning recognized her genius as an actress, and her personal charm as a woman. This mutual admiration quickly stimulated their friendship. Later, she created the character of Mildred Tresham in *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*. The breach which was caused between Browning and Macready is well known. For this reason the opinions of Macready expressed by Lady Martin in the following letters are of especial interest. Her references to *Colombe's Birthday*

are significant also as this was the third and last of Browning's plays in which she took part. Browning, himself, was delighted with the manner in which she had portrayed his heroines.

The last occasions upon which she acted were at benefits at Stratford-on-Avon and at Manchester. During the latter years of her life she was troubled with a neuralgic illness from which she was never entirely free. It was during this period of retirement that she began her *Letters on Shakspeare's Heroines*, which she writes about in her correspondence with Browning. In 1886 Browning and his sister visited Lady Martin in Llangollen. Her diary contains the information that every Sunday she found the poet seated in her pew when she arrived at the Church. After the services were over Browning and his sister would stroll home with the Martins and they would drink tea in the garden. Their visit lasted for ten weeks.

The esteem and affection which Lady Martin had for Browning are perhaps best expressed on hearing of his death, "So great a man, so supreme a poet! How he will be missed." On going to Wales in the following autumn, Lady Martin placed a memorial tablet in the Llantysilio church with the following inscription:

In Memory of
ROBERT BROWNING, Poet
Born 1812 Died 1889

Who worshipped in this church for ten weeks in the autumn 1886
By his friend, Helena Faucit Martin

Lady Martin made a great reputation as a student and actress, and although her husband gained repute as a translator and prose writer, he never overshadowed the fame of his wife. Lady Martin enjoyed the high honor and distinction of being the only actress who ever became a personal friend of Queen Victoria. Her married life was a happy one. She was not only a great woman, but a truly good one.

HELENA FAUCIT MARTIN'S
UNPUBLISHED LETTERS*to
ROBERT BROWNING24 James Street
Buckingham Gate
London, Jan. 22, '53.

My dear Sir:

Have you forgotten,—it is very likely—the permission you gave me some years back to make use of your *Colombe's Birthday* for the stage? An opportunity of availing myself of your kindness is likely to present itself at the Haymarket, under the new lessee, Mr. Buckstone's Management, where I have accepted a short engagement in April next. The permission is of so old a date that I do not feel at liberty to act upon it unless renewed. May I therefore ask you to tell me frankly what your feeling is on the subject? If you still have no objection I confess I shall be delighted to have an opportunity of realizing my idea of *Colombe* who has always been a great pet with me. So far as I can gather from the information Mr. Buckstone has given me I should think the play would be very fairly supported. He tells me it would be necessary to present the piece in three acts;—I hope you would not object to this.

Immediately after my marriage in August, 1851, I was taken for the first time to Italy. In October I found myself in lovely Florence, and our very first steps were directed towards the Casa Guidi windows. I had talked to Mr. Martin so much about you that I think his disappointment was almost as great as mine when we learnt from the old porter that you had gone to England. The old man, too, dwelt with visible regret on the departure of the donna and the dear bambino, in whom the Casa Guidi windows have made us all feel a deep interest.

On our return to England we heard you were in Paris, and, now, I am told you are again in Florence. Attractive as Florence is I hope it is not to keep you altogether and that when you return to England you will give me the opportunity of introducing Mr. Martin to you; and renewing our former acquaintance which is always remembered with pleasure by yours, dear sir,

Very truly,
Helena Martin
or Helen Faucit as you
knew her.

*No attempt is made to change punctuation of the original letters. These are now the property of the Baylor Browning Room.

May 10th

My dear Mr. Browning:

There is some mistake. It was not Saturday I asked you to come to us last Wednesday but, the 31st, instance. I am very sorry for the headache—pray rest as much as possible. Such a pain I know makes enjoyment impossible—but if it is better and you can come to us on the 31st—it will make me very happy. With Mr. Martin's most kind regards, I am always sincerely yours,

Helena F. Martin.

31 Onslow Square

Envelope posted London S. W. '65.

31 Onslow Square

May 13 '67.

My dear Mr. Browning:

A friend of ours—a very old friend of Mr. Martin's, Professor Blackie is very anxious to be introduced to you. I will say no more because I am sure you know him well enough and will only thank me for bringing you nearer.

Do you never come into this neighborhood that we do not see you? I hope it is so and I hope now that it will not always remain so.

With our united kind regards, believe me dear Mr. Browning, always sincerely,

Yours,

Helena F. Martin.

31 Onslow Square

March 6th, '69.

My dear Mr. Browning:

I have just put down with a very full heart the last volume of *The Ring and the Book*, and I hasten to endeavor to express to you my deep gratitude for it. How poor any words I have at command will look when I remember all I have felt in going through the book—wonder and admiration increasing with every fresh proof of your power,—at every new phase of the story.

This tragic Greek-like drama! You have extracted from it all the precious metal that lay hid in it—fused and melted and mated it with your own, and thus fashioned all into a golden circle which shall encompass and glorify your name for all time! In this story we see the Judaic law—'the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children.' How else should this "white lamb" be called upon to bear the weight of such sorrow, such humiliation. The fine old Pope though makes us feel that the expiation was accepted and complete. What a tribute is paid to the unconscious purity of the "Child Woman" in the immediate effect it has upon the "Warrior-Priest." It becomes a light to lighten

all the hidden best within him, and reveals to him of what his nature is capable. You feel that he "underwent and overcame" ever after. What a cunning stroke of art, too. I mean the art you show us is that which makes the malicious savage "fox-wolf" after all his hatred, and reviling of the "poor bloodless creature," the "water" that must not "dare to follow another step" of his, even towards the hereafter—that he should at the last in his despair sum up all his frenzied calls for help by—"Pompilia will you let them murder me?" What an acknowledgement even he felt of the power that lay in her self-denying patience and goodness. Loathe this monster as we will. (I hardly like to call him by so fine a name as Guido), still we must own how the very strength of his badness wrings something like respect out of us. "Then I rose up like fire and fire-like roared." What masses of rude Titan like images of spirit he deals with and blurts out continually—especially in the last part. Then the exquisite old Pope! The man who makes of his past a firm stepping stone to reach the nearest attainable point to Heaven and from this high place looks back through his life's experience and is thus enabled to see motives as well as acts and arrives at the real truth of things. How simple and how grand his picture is! I like so the pride he has in "My Warrior Priest" and the tender love he feels for Pompilia, "My child, my rose I gather for the breast of God." What pictures too, great Poet you have given to the painters. Ah! that I could paint as I feel them! Sometimes I dream of that loathesome Franceschini coming before me as a Comus, but not the God with his unholy household of wicked women and savage men making up the rabble rent with all the rude noise, but without the "jollity" and in the midst I see a "lady, young, tall, beautiful, strange and sad." In the far distance for my comfort and my bit of brightness I can just discern the elder Brother of Warrior Priest. How grateful all true artists will be to you for the grand summing up of your Poem! You show in it clearly and so decisively that art is not what I have so often had to hear it called an imitation of nature, but the medium, the one way possible for communicating its truth and beauties to man. That art stands first in this great task and by a necessary sequence the student and would-be expounder of nature's mysteries should devoutly and earnestly learn its lessons before, through their own work, they attempt to trace them.

Dare I add a word of still more personal gratitude? Some week or two back when we met you in the park and we were asking you about the then forthcoming 4th volume, you turned to me & said, Ah, if I could have had you for my Pompilia. Those words coming from you, only in kindness, as I felt, and as a passing flower thrown in compliment, yet made me very happy. That I should have crossed your mind even for a moment in connection with your Pompilia was a great pleasure to me. Three times have I been happy enough to be your heroines—or to be outward representative of them, but this last would have been the crowning glory of them all. I feel that I am

unconscionable in sending you this long and hasty letter and I would have mercy and not trouble you with it—only that unless when we meet I should not be able to say a word of the deep thanks I owe and would wish to offer you.

My husband is not yet so happy as I—he has not yet had leisure to read the last volume. Were he at home just now I know he would beg you to accept with mine his gratitude and warm regard. And now good and great man, and poet, dear early friend, allow me to be now as ever.

Most sincerely yours,
Helena Faucit Martin.

(Envelope '70)
March 4th
31 Onslow Square

My dear Mr. Browning:

I am afraid I am troubling you to little purpose, but the day gives me some chance. Can you dine with us on Sunday at seven o'clock? In a "neighbourly" way. Mr. and Mrs. Froude and Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Stephen are to be with us—now Mr. Clark of Cambridge has kindly (being in town) offered himself to us. When I saw Alice Helps yesterday evening I asked if her father could come and she said she thought she could promise for him. Could I hope for you also. I should indeed have a rare and delightful group of friends! I must not forget to say that poor Geraldine Jewsbury will be here. She is alas! nearly blind, yet her necessities make her write as much as ever. Miss Cobbe told me of her sad circumstances. Something must be done for her. How unfairly the prizes of life are awarded. Had she written vulgar and fast novels she might be rich and at her ease and able to rest the poor overworked eyes. I have been obliged to woo very hard to get her out for she says we shall be shocked to see her in her huge blue spectacles.

Poor, poor, Miss Jewsbury. When we were lately at Osbourne I had the honour and pleasure of reading *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* to the queen. I read from her own copy, and I saw how the book was covered with admiring pencil marks in a true womanly way, all through. The dear royal lady has a tender and warm heart if not much imagination.

Will you come and give a glad surprise to Mr. Martin for I have not told him I am writing to you. Always, I am most sincerely yours

Helena Faucit Martin.

Sunday

June 4, '71

31 Onslow Square

I saw, dear friend, yesterday our common friend, dear Mr. Macready, who is in London for a few days to be under the care of Sir Henry Thompson. In talking to him of you, he said he should so much like to see you again, whereupon I promised him to write and tell you his address—it is 10 Upper Wimpole Street.

I do not know how long it is since you met. Time, much suffering and trouble have left their marks upon him—naturally—still I find the face unchanged in expression. The only thing to deplore is the loss of that fine sonorous voice which we remember so well. Now you must sit near and listen closely to catch the husky undertone in which he speaks and this I fear with as much difficulty to him to give forth as it is to the listener to follow. When the ear becomes accustomed to this sound you find the memory is as good and the heart as warm as ever. The tender, gentle affectionate greeting he gave me touched me so much that I was obliged to make my first visit on Friday a very short one. It is a great happiness to find him under the care of such a sweet sensible dear woman as Mrs. Macready seems to be with whom I have corresponded long but met for the first time on Friday. Au revoir, Tuesday, I am ever truly,

Helen F. M.

31 Onslow Square S. W.

June 12th, '75

My dear Mr. Browning,

I am going to ask you to do me a friendly office. We are very anxious to welcome Signor Salvini to our home. This with our limited means of communication we find rather difficult. Would you kindly be our ambassador and communicate for us. At this full season too, there are so many things to be considered. Judging by our engagements we know how numerous yours must be and no doubt Signor Salvini's company is desired in all directions. We have but the 26th and 29th of this month free. I mean on the days when Signor Salvini could possibly dine with us. Will a lucky chance befriend us I wonder, and let one of those days see you both also free. If I may choose but as a beggar I should not, I would prefer the 29th and this is more for Lady Egerton's sake who wishes much to meet him and I know she is engaged on the 26th.

May I ask as prompt reply as you find convenient. If we can carry out our present plan it is to run away to our little Welsh home at the very beginning of July.

With our very best regards to you, I am always sincerely

Yours,

Helena F. Martin.

31 Onslow Square S. W.

Feb. 5, '78

Dear Mr. Browning:

I found the enclosed last night on our return from Brighton—where we have been staying some weeks seeking health. As we do not meet often I thought you would like ourselves, be glad to be remembered by our far away wandering friend. I wish you could be in Andover at the end of June.

How gladly you would be welcomed! I would give up much to go there while the host wished us. His sufferings and manly bearing of them command my deep sympathy and admiring respect.

I hope the new year has treated you better than us. Poor Mr. Martin has had severe neuralgic attacks and is altogether in low health and spirit.

Believe me with most true regard always.

Yours sincerely,
Helena Faucit Martin.

Bryntysilio
near Llangollen
North Wales
Aug. 30, '84

My dear Mr. Browning:

I am trying to put down my thoughts upon "Rosalind," which if you remember you encouraged me to do some nearly two years ago.

A long and serious illness has put an end to effort of every kind, save the never ending one endeavoring to bear up against and live through such pain as can only be felt—not described. I am only now beginning to feel that life and some slight work may perhaps be mine for a short time longer.

Will you allow me to address this letter upon Rosalind to you?

If you have the smallest objection, of course you will say so at once.

The letter will, I suppose, be published in Blackwood's Magazine as the others, Juliet, Imogen, etc., were.

This note will find you and your sister, I hope, and have no doubt far away from towns, "Health exhibitions" and other disturbances which this hot summer makes trebly unendurable.

We have been, for seven weeks, in this, our home among the Welsh hills, to which some day I trust you and your sister will let us give you welcome. Sir Theodore joins me in kindest regards to you both, and I am always, dear friend,

Most sincerely yours,
Helena F. Martin.

Please may I look for an early answer.

Mr. Reginald Cholmondeley is with us on a visit. I have just asked him what message I am to send from him to you and he says, "give him my love."

Bryntysilio
near Llangollen
North Wales
Sept. 9th, '84

My dear Mr. Browning:

I thank you very much for your kind letter and for the permission you gave me to address my "Rosalind" letter to you. I should like to send you a clean proof when I have one, and to ask you in your goodness, to point out the errors in it, both in manner and matter.

This will be the last of these "letters," I shall write, and I would like it for all sakes to be my best. Will you help me to make it so?

These printers take a merry time about their work—perhaps I may have a copy in a week. If I send it on, would you be still at St. Moritz

Mr. Blackwood is anxious to have the letter for his October number. If it can be ready he shall have it. I shall be glad to be free of it. What a delight it must be to them who can express in writing what their heart is full of! But then that is of course an especial gift.

I will forward your message to Mr. Cholmondeley when I must write. He lives mostly now at his brother's Rectory, Market Drayton. Times are changed with him alas! Since the happy days we passed at Andover. I much fear if he will ever be able to live there again. Mr. Wade appears to have involved the estate past all clearing. Mr. Cholmondeley leans upon his friends in the most touching manner and thinks so much of a little kindness. You were always such a favorite. A few words from you would make him very happy. His health never seems very good.

Sir Theodore thanks you for yr kind congratulations and unites with me in the warmest remembrances to yourself and sister and you will always believe me,

Sincerely yours,
Helena F. Martin.

Bryntysilio
near Llangollen
Sept. 29, '84

Thanks, very many thanks my dear kind friend, for your kind letter just received.

I am just a coward, made more so by my long illness and that I feared you did not like my Rosalind letter, I am ever looking for kind words—I knew you would be kind to tell me so. The welcome words of this morning therefore have relieved my mind and are doubly welcome.

I could alter nothing now for Blackwood, it is too late. Shortly these "letters" will be published in a little volume. I shall take care to have full time to make alterations or suppressions before then and

I want you to tell me whether you think I should write what I have said about Mr. Macready and Mr. Phelps. Does it look unkind? I know I have said less than the truth—but even this should not always be told.

Mr. Phelps, why I cannot tell, unfailingly made himself obnoxious to me. But I am told he was discourteous to everyone. Mr. Macready, although unfair to art with an entirely self-engrossness, yet was kind to me outside my art. You know this Rosalind "letter" is your letter, therefore I would desire not to have a word in it which you might think not in good taste or good feeling.

The charming post-script to your letter, will you please tell your sister, made me very happy. I return my much affectionate regard to you both, and am always with Sir Theodore's thanks and my own, most

Sincerely yours,
Helena F. Martin.

(Envelope postmarked 1884)
31 Onslow Square
S. W.
Nov. 24th

My dear Mr. Browning:

When can you come to dine with us? Our friend Reginald Cholmondeley will be in town, he tells me, from the 4th to the 12th December. Please fix a day between these dates so that I may ask him to meet you and let him share our pleasure. It seems strange at this season of the year to ask you to name a day so long before hand, but I know you are beset at all times.

Our part must be small because of my little strength. I have seen no friends in my house, except those who kindly look in upon us on a Sunday afternoon for more than two years. What a weary time in passing it has been! I have still cruel neuralgic pains—but they are not so frequent and my strength is slowly returning, at least Dr. Swain says he is satisfied with my progress. I know that you will be pleased to hear this.

Sir Theodore has brought me a copy of your last book. But I want one not to lie about, but to be all my own. Will you give me a copy of *Ferishtah's Fancies* and indulge me by writing your name and my own in it.

Yours, dear friend,
Ever sincerely,
Helena F. Martin.

Bryntysilio
near Llangollen
July 24, '86.

My dear Mr. Browning:

Will you think me very troublesome if I ask you to give me some news of your dear sister's progress? The last account we received at your door was very satisfactory, but that was three weeks ago. Please send me good words soon.

We have been in this our little summer home about, or nearly, a fortnight. The weather has been squally and rainy and not at all kind at present—so that sitting in the open air or under verandahs has been impossible. To our chagrin on our arrival we found the gardener praying for rain, and it has come to his call. However, fine weather, like many other good things, will come to the patient waiters. How easy to say, but how difficult to practice! One of my dear friends used to say that I possessed a right royal impatience. He was a sweet, courteous gentleman of the old school—M. Marcellin de Frisne. I wonder if you knew him in Paris years ago. If so you would not forget him. At his house I first met dear Lady Augusta Stanley. Oh, will our friends who have gone before forget us!

Dear friend, I have so often thought of you in your deep anxiety. Pray Heaven all may now be well!

Sir Theodore joins me in love and greetings to you both, and I am always affectionately

Yours,
Helena F. Martin.

Warnham Court
Horsham
April 13th '87

My dear Mr. Browning:

I am so sorry you had the trouble of calling at our house on Sunday. I ought to have let you know that we should be away—also next Sunday. This afternoon we go on to Brighton to visit other friends. We have been here since Saturday and have enjoyed the country and the large hospitality of our kind host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lucas. The house is a model one, large in its proportions, and replete with every possible comfort and convenience. The son and daughters of the family with their wives and husbands have assembled to enjoy the Easter holidays together, and it is delightful to witness the cordial affection between them.

Mr. Lucas knew me as one of the audience at the very beginning of my career as you also knew me, and he delights to tell us how he has waited for hours to gain admission to see me over and over again in the same character. So many have told me the same. How

it would have cheered me at the time to have heard that such things were! Poor dear Mr. Macready somehow made you feel that all your efforts were in a wrong direction, and next to worthless. I can never forget the sadness that weighed upon my young life.

I hope you are soon to be our near neighbors. But house changing is a fatiguing and very serious business, as I feel your dear sister will feel. With kind will to her, I am always affectionately hers and yours,

Helena F. Martin.

Theodore has been enjoying himself very much here. What a pure fresh air to inhale after London! He sends warmest greetings to you both.

(Envelope postmark 1888)

Bryntysilio

near Llangollen

June 18th

My dear Friends:

Here we are once more in our little home. Travelled to it yesterday. We had hoped to look in upon you before we left town—indeed we started many times from home with the intention, but alas! like many other good ones, it could not be carried out.

This time, besides the too often miserable weather we had to go to different places to choose wall-paper—always a most bewildering thing—new carpets etc., etc. As you know, once enter into a shop and you know not when you will be let out of it. Why do things wear out? And why will shopmen bring you anything but what you want to look at; and waste thus no end of time and keep you fretting and fuming over your waste of time? We went twice to the Italian exhibition and I liked it very much. I could have gone again very willingly, but we thought it right to come here as soon as Sir Theodore could get away. The flowers today look lovely as I see them from my windows, and the scent of roses and honeysuckle delicious.

I am a prisoner to my sofa today—this journey always takes a great deal out of my small stock of strength. This past summer, too, has been bad for my neuralgic pains. However, now we are here in this quiet, restful place, I shall hope soon to forget my pains. As we have had no sunshine to speak of yet, so that we have it all due to us, and no doubt we shall have a windy autumn. Will you come and enjoy it here, or where are you going? Whether it be here or there, may you enjoy yourselves and find all good fairies waiting upon you. In Mr. Froude's "West Indies" he speaks (I think it was in Granada) of two black fairies waiting upon him and the whole household, which he would fain have brought with him back to England.

A little line from one of you will be gratefully received, informing us of your plans and well doing. Theodore has just come in from the Dee Gondola. He sends his love and kindest wishes with yours, dear friend, most affectionally

Helena F. Martin.

31 Onslow Square
S. W.
June 28th

My dear Mr. Browning:

I hope you are disengaged and will give us the pleasure of your company at dinner on Tuesday, July 11th, at a quarter to eight o'clock. You will meet Lord and Lady Egerton and a few other friends. We think of starting a few days after to Wales.

On the second of August Mr. Cholmondeley claims us at Andover. I hope you, also, have succumbed to this decision. Fancy! Lady Egerton is really invited and has accepted for the 2nd of August. Wonders will never cease.

I suppose you were not among the victims last Thursday night at the Lyceum. I believe you have breathed a vow never to see your "Mildred" again. Well! Had I but a foreign name and tongue and not a familiar English one, I might be thought worth the notice of your poets. As it is but for the public heart, which beats but cannot speak, I might never have existed. We send our best regards to you, and I am always

Sincerely yours
Helena F. Martin.

31 Onslow Square
May 15th

Dear Mr. Browning:

Will you dine with us on Wednesday the 31st instant at a quarter before eight, and meet our friends the Lord and Lady Augusta Stanley?

Always yours most truly

Helena F. Martin.

June 6th
31 Onslow Square
S. W.

My dear Mr. Browning:

I want you to be twice kind to me. First to come with your son to us next Wednesday evening and kindly to allow me to put your name down as a subscriber with many other of my friends to a little Book which is translated from the Italian by a dear young friend of mine long since lost to me and to her mother, who was and is a still older and dearer friend, Mrs. Hutton* of Dublin.

* Perhaps "Hatter." Not quite clear.

I cannot send you the prospective and subscribers list, because it is now with the Princess Louise, to which house I sent it not knowing that she was out of town.

Will you trust me that your name will not suffer by letting me use it. The cost of the small volume is to be 10s/. The subject a portion of Irish history written by order of the Pope, I think in the 16th century. I can tell you more particulars, if you please, when we meet. There is some haste necessary in filling up the subscription list, and I have only a very limited time given me to do my best for this, my sweet own old friend of many years, Mrs. Hutton.

Pray forgive my appeal and believe me ever sincerely

Yours,

Helena F. Martin.

31 Onslow Square

S. W.

Friday Evening

July 25

Fair thoughts and happy hours attend for you, "kind and dear friends" on your journey, and may you bring back health and pleasant memories to refresh us with.

We also were to have started tomorrow, but Theodore has just brought me word that some tiresome committee work will detain him here until Wednesday. This is provoking, because all is ready for our departure and servants have gone on, and tell us that the air around Bryntysilio is so fresh and pure, which is more than we can say for what we are breathing here. However, may we never have a worse discomfiture!

We have never been to St. Moritz, so we cannot imagine you in your, I think, pleasant, quiet home. Your surroundings will be much grander than ours, and "had I the wings of a dove, I would gladly breathe your higher air."—but we must be content with our little valley, and I know that sometimes—say on the Sunday afternoons—you will think of us—I know we shall of you.

May all heart's content be with you, dear friends, and may we meet in the autumn refreshed and benefitted by all our happy surroundings and the sweet rest which our spirits need.

My husband adds his love to mine, to you both, and you know how truly and affectionately I am yours

Helena F. Martin.

May 24th

My dear Mr. Browning:

On Sunday evening next the 30th we have some friends and Jules Lefect will sing for us. I like his singing very much. Do you? If so, come and let us shake hands at least. We can look upon you, and that is something in the hard, unsatisfactory life which our spirits need.

My husband adds his love to mine, to you both and you know how truly and affectionately

I am yours

Helena F. Martin.

FROM SIR THEODORE MARTIN

31 Onslow Square

S. W.

10 November 1886

My dear Browning:

I shall call with this, but in case I should not find you at home, I inclose a telegram just received from one of the ablest and most influential men in Glasgow. To my knowledge he has been for over 30 years one of your most devoted admirers, and he is a man of high culture and strong imaginative sympathy.

If I might, I would urge the suit he makes in the strongest terms. The honour is a recognition of your influence not to be slighted, and to me as a Scotchman, as well as for other reasons, it would be delightful to see it in your person raised above the level of political partizanship. The good students of St. Andrews fought the battle for me on purely literary grounds, assenting to my stipulation that politics should in no way enter into the question. Good results ensued in that small University, but the gain would be enormous in the case of Glasgow. Pray do not refuse. We are all interested in your acceptance.

Lady Martin joins with me in urging this suit. Your consent would give her very great pleasure.

Ever, my dear Browning,

Sincerely yours

Theodore Martin.

No. of Message—69

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS

Charing Cross, Glasgow

FROM:	TO:
University Liberal and Conserva-	Robt. Browning
tive Clubs, Grand Hotel, Glas-	19 Warwick St.
gow.	London W.

The liberal and conservative Clubs have resolved on a unanimous nomination of yourself for the Lord Rectorship. Please wire reply.

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS

Morning Delivery

Handed in Glasgow office at	Received here at 11:46
11:20	

FROM:	TO.
Grant Secretary	Robert Browning
Independent Club	19 Warwick St.
21 W. End Park at Glasgow	London.

In view of your refusal last year to stand for Glasgow University Rectorship, will you accept unanimous election now proposed election this week.

POST OFFICE TELEGRAPHS

Handed in at the	Received here at 1-3
Stock Exchange Office at 12:29	South Kensington

FROM:	TO:
McGregor, Glasgow	Sir Theodore Martin
	31 Onslow Square

Liberal Conservative and Independent Clubs of Students have united on asking Browning to fill poor Fawcett's place as Lord Rector. Election must be on Saturday. Urge Browning to accept this high and exceptional honor. It will gratify all his admirers and perhaps for the future raise the Lord Rectorship out of arena of politics.

Paris Hotel Chatham

Rue Daunou, 27 Dec., 1886

My dear Browning:

You must be wondering at our long silence and perhaps resting in the belief that we were at Cannes. But you will see by the address how short a distance we are upon our road there. Just at the time we had arranged to leave London some three weeks ago, Lady Martin became very unwell. She had to pass into the doctor's hands. All our arrangements for the journey had to be countermanded, and we waited at Onslow, until last week it seemed possible she might undertake the journey. On Thursday last we went down to Dover, slept there, crossed to Calais on Friday, rested there till Saturday, and then came on here upon Saturday. Happily Saturday was lovely, and this helped Lady Martin along, for she was dreadfully exhausted by the crossing to Calais, which was made with a rough sea and under drenching rain, followed by such a gale that sleeping at Calais was next to impossible. The weather here is of the worst—stormy, cold, and wet. Last night it blew a hurricane, worse I think than I ever felt at our home—the Arm of the Winds as it is in Wales. Altogether Paris does not look attractive. Despite the weather all the world seemed to find its way into the Boulevards yesterday, to look at the Flower Shops and Confectioners and the contents, shabby enough to my eye, of the wooden booths that line the pavements of the Boulevards and some of the broader streets.

We shall have to stay here some days to recruit Lady Martin's forces, which are now, I regret to say, very low, to enable her to make her long night journey to Marseilles. The road there too, we hear, has been blocked with snow, and we must be sure there is no obstruction of that kind, before we start. The journey indeed is a terrible one at best in her already delicate and sensitive state, and the severity of the season makes me doubly anxious. God grant, when we get to Cannes she may reap material benefit from the change! You shall hear either from me or from herself when we are settled in Cannes.—Do not be surprised if you do not hear soon.

Lady Martin bids me thank you for your last most kind letter, which indeed was highly prized by us both. If not asking too much might we beg a line from your sister or yourself to tell us how you are? Need I say how often you are in our thoughts, and how often we recur to those pleasant days that made our sojourn in Wales so bright? All good be with you and those you love

Ever sincerely yours

Theodore Martin

31 Onslow Square
4th June 1888

My dear Browning:

I mentioned to you the other day that a resident in Llangollen who is preparing what promises to be a very nice guide to the locality, is very anxious to get from you a few lines (not in verse) stating your impressions of the valley. This morning's post has brought me the enclosed proofs of what Mr. Ruskin, Mr. Phelps, and myself have written for him. If you see your way to writing anything, would you kindly let me have it soon to send back to him with the proofs?

Ever sincerely yours

Theodore Martin.

BROWNING IN FOREIGN LANGUAGES
IN PORTUGUESE

A ANTIGA DOUTRINA

De Roberto Browning

O' bondoso sorrir da velha terra escura
nesta manha de outono! O' sorriso gigante!
Como ela estende ao sol os ossos descarnados,
dando os pes a beijar a onda que murmura,
ouvindo carinhosa o chilrear vibrante
da laverca marinha a beira dos valados!

Eis a simples doutrina, antiga e verdadeira,
da vida: eis o que sabe a velha natureza.
Amar o belo so nunca exigiu valor,
nao custa, e puro ganho: e gloria passageira...
Abri bem largo o peito a rude singeleza,
a mae - terra imitai—subi ao ceu do amor!

Dez. 1927

Traducao de
LUIS CARDIM

IN ROUMANIAN

MY STAR—Steaua Mea

Tot ce eu stiu
Despre o stea
E, aceia poate arunca
(Ca catorgul unghiular)
Acum o darda rosie
Acum o darda albastra;
Pana cand prieteni mei auzis
Ei vor dori sa vaza, mult,
Steaua mea ce fulgera rosu si albastru
Apoi ea sta ca o pasare; ca o floare, atarna, infasurata:
Ei trebuie sa - se aline cu Saturn deasupra
Ce-mi pasa, daca steaua lor e o lume?
A mea si - a deschis suflectul ei mie; pentru aceia eu o iubesc.

Traducere din MY STAR

R. Browning

de

George Teleaga.

Roumania.

IN BULUBA

KUTANGILA KUMPALA

Tshina lufu? Kunva milemba mu muminu winyi,
 Dibungi ha mpala hinyi,
 Habanga mashika, ne tshihehele netshilashe
 Ndi ha buihi ku muaba.
 Bukole bua butuku, ne bua tshihuhu,
 Muaba hadi muena lukuna,
 Kumumunye yeye udiku, Ditshina Dikole, bu muntu,
 Kadi mulumi mukole udi mua kuya,
 Tudi tufika, luenda lukadi lushika,
 Luhangu lukadi luhona,
 Kadi ndi ne nyita kuluanana, ne kunyima disanka,
 Disanka dia bienzidi binyi,
 Ntu nduangana, ne nvita omue mukuabo,
 Omue udi utamba yonso mu buimpe ne bukole!
 Tshiena musue lufu kubuikila mesu inyi,
 Ne kuitabusha meme kukoka hanshi kumpala n'andi,
 Bualul ndi musue kulabila luonso, kuenza bu batatu buetu,
 Bantu bakole bua kale.
 Kutualu bujitu, kufuta dibanga ku
 Dikenga, midimu ne mashika.
 Dikenga didi dilenguluka disanka ku muntu wa dikima,
 Midimu itshidi ishika,
 Ne tshihuhu tshikole, ne bakishi batshidi badila,
 Bionso nebihueka, nebisangishangana,
 Bidi bikuandamuna ditelela,—biobio biakadi dikenga,—
 Nentangila munya, ne tshiadi tshebe ha buihi,
 Wewe, muntu munanga, nenkukuatu kabidi,
 Malu onso makuabo kudi Nzambi.

* * * *

The above is a translation of Browning's *Prospice* into the Buluba, a dialect used by the African natives of Belgian Congo, Africa. This translation was made by Miss Ruby Rogers, a Presbyterian missionary.

Miss Rogers said that she doubted whether the natives would appreciate very much of the poem, especially the finer sentiment. She said that only a most intelligent one would understand the meaning of "snow." The title was translated "A Look Ahead."

Buluba is a spoken rather than a written language, except for a very few works, mainly songs and scripture translations by the missionaries.

IN CZECHO-SLOVAK

VLASTENEC

(The Patriot)

Robert Browning

Ruzemi, cestu, hojne okraslili,
a rozmarinu pod nohy me stlali;
jasali hlucne, nadsenim se spili,
prapory z vezi mestskych chramu vlaly,
pred rokem, prichod muj kdyz oslavili.

Velebne hlasy sterych zvonu znely,
az, stare zdi se chvely pod otresy.
Kazde me prani vyplniti chteli,
byt byl bych zadal slunce i s nebesy.
"Co chtel bys vice, hrdino nas smely?"

Byl jsem to ja, jenz slunce chtel jim dati
pro pratele sve, zivot byl bych ztratil,
dal jsem jim vse, co clovek muz si prati.
Odmena sveta? Ten jen zlým odplatil,
v jediném roce, vse se v nivec zvrati.

Kam zmizely dnes jasajici davy?
Jen nekde v oknech ustrnule tvare;
pri brane zastup, hlava vedle hlavy,
divadlo vzacne, na katovske kare—
nemuze lid se dockati popravy.

A v desti kracim—trpim vic a vice,
svazane ruce drsny provaz dere,
potucky krve skrapeji me lice,
kameny hazi po mne ruce stere.
Za jeden rok—slys—zalob na tisice!

Jak zapocal jsem, nyni musim jiti,
snad lepe zemrit dokud kvete stesti.
Odmenen svetem—Buh by mohl diti:
"Co me dluhuješ?" Proto lepe jesti,
kdyz Buh jim splati—jist pak duch se citi.

Dr. George A. Pazdral.

Translation by Dr. Pazdral of *The Patriot* of Robert Browning.
Robert Browning.

ROBERT BROWNING
SOME PERSONAL REMINISCENCES*

By
WILLIAM G. KINGSLAND

I. Prelude

'Twas in the hour ere youth gave place
To manhood's all-maturing grace,
I chanced upon a song that thrilled—
With beauty my rapt spirit still'd;
And every impulse upward sped—
'Twas David's song to Saul I read!
Its music swept my radiant soul
Into a glory great and whole:
I, too, was one with him who dared
So bold a song that Doubt was scared,
And Faith enshrined in frame of gold,
Such music!—neither bought nor sold,
'Twas gift of God, I knew full well:
Our Poet did His secrets tell!
And "Christmas Eve" but led the way
To that magnific "Easter Day",
And as I read I sought to find
The secret of that master-mind:
I sought, and seeking surely found—
Since then I've walked on hallowed ground!
I sought and found—and day by day
Fresh strength I gathered for the fray;
And thus, ere manhood reached, I came
To reverence dear Browning's name!

And now, old age creeps on apace—
"Grow old with me," and win the race!
And thus, at four-score years I seem
To see fulfilled our Poet's dream:
"The Best is yet to be"—and so
His music in old age doth flow
Within my spirit swift and sure
As e'en in youth so limped pure!
Thus Browning's words that taught in youth

*Note: At the conclusion of my visit in London with the Second Browning Pilgrimage, Mr. Kingsland gave me the manuscript of the foregoing article with permission to publish it.

London, August 1930.

E'en age proclaim a deeper truth:
Poems that thrill'd when morning broke,
And all the soul's deep passions woke,
Re-thrill'd my being at its need
With eager and impetuous speed.
So—Browning is our Poet still,
Though we have almost topp'd the hill;
His strenuous voice still bids us seek
What lies beyond the highest peak.
What matters age? For, lo, we find
Browning is nowise left behind:
He holds our hand with stronger grip,
His words still foremost on our lip,
He lifts us out of bound and place,
Step after step the goal to face:
The songs that saved 'mid toil and storm
Cheer th' glad soul at *Life's* rapt dawn!

II.

What is it that attracts one to Browning? This is a question well worth pondering. It is not, I take it, simply because he is one of our great poets, and, as such, you must needs have some acquaintance with his work—that method is more than likely to repel the young beginner. The truth is, you must be first guided to him: laid hold of, as it were, by some utterance of his which clings to you, burns itself into your mind, becoming a spiritual awakening. Then and there is the seed sown; then Browning's work grows upon you, and is one of the forces whereby you *live*. As the Poet once said to me "You must like it, ere it be worthy of your liking" Such, at least, was my experience.

I suppose I must be almost the last left of Browning's intimate friends; and so I thought it might not only be of interest, but prove helpful to a new generation of readers to jot down a few further recollections of my intercourse with him. For Browning was not only a great poet, but a good man and true. He did not wear his heart upon his sleeve; he did not pose—neither did he obtrude himself or his work. He just went quietly on—writing when there were few who cared to listen—writing as much for himself as for others; and he always gave of the best that was in him, be his audience few or many. To show the manner of man he was (to me, at least), I will give an extract from a few of the many letters I had from him, and which may well serve as a "motto" for the reminiscences that follow: "My dear Kingsland, . . . how can I be other than most grateful to you for your generous belief in me? unwarranted as it may be by any-

thing I have succeeded in doing, although somewhat justified perhaps by what I would fain have done if I could. But it is now a long time indeed since I have been assured of your sympathy, and proud of your friendship."

Again, in a later, hurried note, he writes: "I am, and ever shall be, grateful for your interest in my poems, and—I may venture to believe—attachment to myself. At all events, I reciprocate such a feeling."

Lastly, I quote the following simply to show to a new generation of readers the man—staunch in friendship even as great in his poetic gift—

"My dear Friend—It is not the first time that your goodness and sympathy leave me quite unable to say what I would wish about them: but I know they extend to understanding my silence. I am much better; and when the bitterness of the season passes, hope to be quite myself again. I shall trust you will remember your promise to make up to me, by another visit, what I was very sensible of losing yesterday week. So—all truest Christmas wishes, my dear and valued Friend. My sister's love goes with mine, who are ever, affectionately yours, Robert Browning."

With a youthful impulsiveness, I had the temerity to write him, about the autumn of 1868, expressing the help his work was to me, and the good I had gained therefrom. To my amazement, some three months later, there came an answer to my note—a letter which is of historic value, and has now found a befitting home in the British Museum—for in it is a sentence containing the germ of his aim as a Poet. "I can have little doubt but that my writing has been, in the main, too hard for many I should have been pleased to communicate with: But I never designedly tried to puzzle people, as some of my critics have supposed. On the other hand, I never pretended to offer such literature as should be a substitute for a cigar, or game at dominos to an idle man. So perhaps on the whole I get my deserts and something over—not a crowd but a few I value more. . . ."

The "few" have, indeed, long since become a "crowd"—cosmopolitan in its nature; for he is now an acknowledged World Poet. Yet when I first knew him few literary critics spoke of his poems save in somewhat contemptuous terms—he was banned by Press and Public alike. And some of the "few" who did find him, and discovered the vein of pure gold in his early work, were reticent in their public expression. . . . For instance: it was in 1843 that "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon'" was published. Browning had, previous to that date, lent the manuscript to his friend John Forster, who in turn had passed it on to Dickens. The great novelist writes, on returning the manuscript to his friend: "Browning's play has thrown me into a perfect passion of sorrow. It is full of genius, natural and great thoughts, profound and yet simple: I know no love like it, no passion like it, no moulding of a splendid thing after its conception like it. And if you tell

Browning that I have seen it, tell him that I believe from my soul there is no man living (and not many dead) who could produce such a work." Now this letter was *not* seen by Browning, or anyone else (as far as I know), until it appeared, long years after, in Forster's *Life of Dickens*. It was with marked vehemence Browning said to me: "Now had this letter been made public by Forster—as no doubt Dickens intended it should be—it would have been of inestimable help to my work at that time." Yet so it was: either the critics were afraid of so bold and original a thinker, or too timid to give utterance to the faith that was in them. Thus for many a long day he was left severely alone: so much so, that, even twenty-four years after this incident, he is constrained to say—"Such, British Public, ye who like me not."

I think it must have been in the early Spring of 1869 he wrote me again, asking me to call at Warwick Crescent—and so began an acquaintance that speedily ripened, not only into friendship, but to a sort of personal intimacy as rare as it was beautiful. I can still vividly call to mind the figure of a robust, kindly-looking man, with a genial smile on his face, running down the stairs to greet me, shaking me by the hand with all the cordiality of an old friend. So impressed was I with this generous welcome that I fear I was somewhat tongue-tied; but his gracious sister soon appeared on the scene, and set me at my ease. He insisted on my remaining to luncheon. Our conversation ranged over many topics—and when I mentioned I had set out on a printer's career, with the object of advancing to a Correctorship of the Press, he at once said: "Now mind, if I can be of any use to you in this matter, let me know." Then came a cordial invitation to "call again soon."

In my intercourse with Browning, I early discovered that the last things he cared to discuss were his own poems. Yet these were the very things one wanted to talk over—for the gleanings might be pure gold. Not that there was any mock modesty in this attitude—far from it. When he once knew you, and was assured of your discretion, he would talk readily enough. As I have said, he wrote primarily for himself; that is to say, his mission as a poet was to unburden his mind of the thought that was in it. As he once put it to me: "There were certain things I wanted to say to my generation, but I had to say them in my own way." Of course, he *did* feel keenly the almost total neglect of his poems during the early years of his career, as also the attitude of the so-called literary critics to his work in general. But he told me this never embittered him, or in any degree caused him to swerve from the task he had set himself. He went on writing with few or none to listen—and the writing bore, in the main, the high-water mark of genius. I ventured to ask him if he had ever been really discouraged by the attitude of the public towards his work. "Never," he exclaimed emphatically. "Why, I had the approba-

tion of Landor, of Fox, of Forster, and *that* sustained me." And when you heard him speak thus the unmistakable ring of truth was in his voice.

What did, I fancy, somewhat atone for his "Such, British Public, ye who like me not," was the fact of his popularity in America. Early in his career his works were reprinted in the States, and became highly popular in Philadelphia, Boston and other towns. And the strange thing about it is, this popularity seems to have continued to the present day—witness the growth of Browning Societies there (though in recent years their decline has been markedly manifest in England). I remember once showing him a little booklet, hailing from Philadelphia, containing gem-like selections from his poems. After looking it through, he said "What a seed-sowing! This makes one very humble, yet glad; for it is much to have sown seed which blossoms so freely here."

Browning had a tenacious memory—as he remarked to me once, "I used to frighten my mother with my keen memory." If you asked him about a certain passage in any one of his poems, he could invariably recall it—as also the circumstances that gave occasion for the incident narrated. And it often happened that the answer to these questions threw real light on the subject. For instance, I asked him once about the little poem *Memorabilia*

"Ah, did you once see Shelley plain,
And did he stop and speak to you?
And did you speak to him again?
How strange it seems, and new!

But you were living before that,
And also you are living after;
And the memory I started at—
My starting moves your laughter!"

"Oh," he said, "I was once in the shop of Hodgson, the bookseller, when a stranger, who was in conversation with Hodgson, spoke of something which Shelley had once told him. Suddenly the stranger turned towards me, bursting into a loud laugh as he saw my blanched face—for I was strangely moved at the sight of one who had once seen, and spoken with, Shelley."

With this explanation the little gem is as clear as daylight, what is really needed is an edition of Browning with all such "aids" appended as footnotes.

Again—I once asked him about *Christmas Eve*. Had he any special conventicle in mind by the "Little Chapel"—"Out of the little chapel I burst." "No," he replied, "it is all imaginary save the description of the lunar rainbow: I saw that." So, let readers note that here he has given us a direct transcript from nature.

Another instance of this may suffice. I had asked him some question about *Fears and Scruples*, and he replied "My dear Kingsland: Another of your many proofs of kindness to me! but you are no more likely to tire of being kind than I am of being grateful. I think that the point I wanted to illustrate in the poem you mention was this: Where there is a genuine love of the letters and actions of the invisible friend, however these may be disadvantaged by an inability to meet the objections to their authenticity or historical value urged by experts who assume the privilege of learning over ignorance—it would indeed be a wrong to the wisdom and goodness of the friend if he were supposed capable of overlooking the actual love and only considering the ignorance which, failing to in any degree affect love is really the highest evidence that love exists. So *I meant*, whether the result be clear or no."

Speaking of Shelley vividly recalls to my mind another incident. It was on the 7th of May, 1886. It was his birthday; and on that afternoon was to be given, under the auspices of the Shelley Society, a first performance of Shelley's *Cenci*. The Grand Theatre Islington, had been taken for the occasion—and it was full to overflowing. The Censor had refused a license for a public presentation of this fine tragedy—so perforce it had to be given "privately," Browning being one of the invited guests. The *Cenci* is one of the world's great dramas, and was produced in its entirety. It was evident, however, that for an acting drama it needed judicious "cutting"—for, splendid as the performance was, it was far too long. At the conclusion of the play, the Poet made an hurried exit, for he (with his son and sister) had promised to come home with us to tea. We were then living not very far from the theatre, and no sooner had Browning entered our house than he began some humorous talk with the little ones—making himself quite at home. During tea, he talked much of Shelley. He said that on the inception of the Shelley Society, he had been invited to accept the post of President. But this honor he emphatically refused to accept. He said "When I wrote my paper on Shelley some thirty or more years ago, I had only his works to go by—having no knowledge of his life. Since then I have read certain letters lent to me by Hookham, which gave me an unpleasant notion of Shelley the man."

But, alas, the hour passed all too soon; and when the Poet rose to go, he said to my wife—"Now, Milsand is coming to us soon; your husband will be coming over to dine with us—and he must bring you along also. Now please do come," he added—"it will be quite a homely affair." And it was—followed, in due course, by other pleasant evenings.

Browning had now and again spoken to me of the Bedford Congregational Chapel, Camden Town. Here he would often attend the morning service—referring, with evident pleasure, to the wonderful eloquence and fertility of thought of the then minister, the Rev.

Thomas Jones: smilingly remarking that his hour was exhausted long before he got to "thirdly." In this connection one calls to mind that not only was the Poet baptised in York Street Congregational Church, but as a lad attended that place of worship with his father and mother. Today this Church has regained far more than its ancient glory, for it is now known as Browning Hall, and has blossomed into a World Memorial to the Poet's memory. Year by year the Poet's birthday is kept by a festival; there are Homes at Whyteleaf for the aged poor; boys' and girls' clubs—including also a Grandfathers' and Grandmothers' Club, and many other agencies for the good of the People. Surely this is the very kind of "Memorial" the Poet would have most desired to be remembered by.

Browning had always a generous word for his contemporaries: you rarely heard him express any adverse criticism respecting them. If he could not praise, he was invariably silent. His reverence for Tennyson was profound. I remember his once showing me a copy of "Enoch Arden," and the inscription on the fly-leaf "Robert Browning, from his friend and admirer, A. Tennyson." And the manner in which he handled the book bore evidence to the strength of his feelings. Only once did I hear him venture on what might be termed "criticism," when he casually remarked that the poet had given us a glowing description of a certain castle and environs "but never once told us *what was passing in the soul* of the knight who was contemplating an unholy deed." Here you have in a nutshell the difference in the genius of the two great poets of the Victorian age.

For Carlyle he had unbounded reverence: he well knew his limitations—but he knew his enduring worth. He told me he had received many letters from Carlyle in his younger days—some of them urging him to write in prose rather than verse. "But I had to go my own way," said the poet, with a hearty laugh. He told me he had once received a hearty letter from the Chelsea Sage inviting him to call at Cheyne Row: he went, and was received with the utmost cordiality. After that he was a frequent visitor; the Sage and his wife generally walking back with him as far as Vauxhall Bridge. But his advice was always the same—"Write something in prose." Yet he was very tolerant of his mentor, telling me many little incidents of his intercourse with him—the last being of how Carlyle, with the threads drawing in of his long and laborous life, had called one afternoon at Warwick Crescent. Browning was out, but his sister came down; and the old veteran said, "Tell your brother I want to see him once more before I die." And said the Poet, "I went over the next morning to Chelsea; but found him too ill for speech."

On another occasion Browning met Philip Jas. Bailey, the author of the one-time famous "Festus." "I have written too much," said Browning,—"You have written too little." And Bailey told me how deeply he appreciated the compliment. But this was just like Brown-

ing as I knew him. There was no taint of insincerity in anything he said. If he spoke on the impulse of the moment, it was always the head as well as the heart. What he could not bide was levity concerning his own poems. I can well call to mind an incident connected with the production of one of his plays by the Browning Society. A leading member of the Society had jocularly remarked to him, "What a lark it will be!" When I saw him a day or two after this, he casually mentioned this, saying, in his vehement way—"I don't want my work to be produced in this spirit!" This was not meant unkindly, but it was after the manner of the man.

But, in truth, he freely acknowledged all the help his poems had obtained from the inception of the Browning Society. Some of his older friends would now and again twit him about these meetings—inferring the work of the Society had its ridiculous side. But he had his answer ready: "For long years my poems were slated by reviewers and others; and some who cared for them did not go out of their way to make them known. And now, when these good people are discussing them, and calling the attention of the public to them, I am pleased and grateful."

At the same time, he was generous to his old friends for any help they had given to advance his work; for on one occasion he said to me (after some remark concerning a meeting of the Society) "I shall never forget all you did for my poems before all this fuss was made." Again—this was Browning as I knew him.

Before leaving I asked him if he would write his name in my edition of *Dramatis Personae*—and this is what he wrote: "I had not the pleasure of giving this book to my friend Kingsland—but there is no one for whom I would rather have written it if he has got pleasure from what it contains.—Robert Browning."

In thinking over my intercourse with Browning there comes vividly to mind a certain Sunday morning at Warwick Crescent. On being shown into the study, he looked up, saying "You've caught me writing this time" And there, upon the desk before him, was the sheet of paper, and line after line of his fine, clear writing. But he would not hear of my going. "Sit down, and give me an hour of your company once more." And he began to talk of Matthew Arnold. "When I first read the story of the *Scholar Gypsy* and saw the allusion to 'Glanvil's Book,' I recollected that at one time I had that book in my possession; but somehow it got lost. The allusion in the poem, however, gave me a desire to read it again, and for some time I tried in vain to get a copy. At length a bookseller obtained a second edition for me—from which, to my consternation, the episode had been deleted. Some little while after, I met Arnold, and mentioned this fact to him—who at once said, 'You shall have my copy.' 'No,' I replied, 'I could not think of depriving you of it.' But the next day it was sent to me—the identical book of which Arnold wrote

"And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's Book'."

Browning then handed me the book. He had written inside it the circumstances under which Matthew Arnold had given it to him, while on another leaf was Arnold's writing—"To R B., with kind regards from M. A." It was a small, old, dull covered, faded book. Over two hundred years had passed since it was issued from the press,—and we both wondered why Glanvil should have omitted the story of the poor Oxford scholar in the second edition. One would like to know what has become of this book.

Then he spoke of himself—"I shall not in future write so much as I have done, and so shall have more time to give to my friends." Fortunately this resolution was beyond his power of keeping.

One of Browning's dearest friends was J. Milsand, of Dijon—a most lovable and estimable Frenchman. Strange as it may seem, he was the one man, perhaps, who seemed to thoroughly grasp our Poet's work in its entirety. To him *Sordello* was no enigma—and he had written in the French reviews concerning Browning's work. During his yearly visits to Warwick Crescent, the Poet, as I have said, would ask me over to meet him, and some glorious talks we had. It was a real pleasure to see these two men together—at times chaffing one another in right brotherly fashion, and then engage in serious and meditative converse.

On one evening we ventured out after dinner, into the little square patch of garden at the back of the house—the Poet admitting he did not often go out there as he was so overlooked. Here our talk ranged over many topics, coming at last to that of Sunday Schools. It was the year of the centenary of the Sunday School Movement—and Browning had been approached to write a sonnet for the occasion, to appear in the official journal of the Sunday School Union. This he was unable to do—as he felt bound to adhere to his resolve of not writing for periodicals—"I do not want my poems foisted on readers, as they would be if I wrote for magazines." But he spoke of Sunday Schools, Band of Hope, etc, with manifest pleasure. He then related an incident that had befallen him, a day or two previously, on his return from a social gathering. "I was returning home somewhat late when I came across a working man so disastrously drunk he could scarcely stand. I helped him along as well as I could for some distance, but could get no coherent speech as to where he lived. At last there came on the scene an individual who was evidently a fellow workman, who, seeing how things were, said, 'I think you had better leave him to me, Sir'—and," added the Poet, "I thought that the best thing to do, for he seemed to understand the matter better than I did." Browning said this with a true sense of the ludicrous—but there followed a few earnest words on the drink traffic. So you see, our Poet did not pass by on the other side by no means! I remember, too, how the same evening, some discussion concerning his own poems occurred between Milsand and Browning—the latter remarking that

he had recently seen a review in which it was stated that "Browning rarely wrote in rhyme"—to which Milsand responded—"so much for so-called criticism." But the Poet spoke in indignant terms of Reviewers who still criticised his work without apparently reading it!

Once or twice Milsand came to see me at home—and then in quiet chat one was able to realize how profound a student he was of the whole of his friend's work, and what a boon it would have proved to English readers of Browning had his papers in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* been more readily accessible.

My last visit to Warwick Crescent is vividly impressed on my memory. Browning greeted me in his usual affectionate manner, and led the way at once into his study. It was a cosy room, but far too small for his needs: his books having outgrown the limits of the large bookcase he had brought from Florence; and he was already looking forward to the more commodious study in De Vere Gardens. He took his seat at the desk, and placed a chair for me by his side. It has been said, and rightly, that Browning did not carry his heart upon his sleeve. No, he did not. But Browning *had* a heart. Don't let us be in danger of forgetting this. He had an inexhaustible fund of humor, and a profound knowledge of men and things. But he had also the gift of tears, and a touch of pathos noble and sincere. For some moments as we sat there, he was strangely silent,—then he unlocked one of the drawers, from which he took a small book: he opened it, and showed me *her* writing, and a drawing *she* had made of the kind of house she would like—a fig tree being depicted anear. He then showed me many other treasures concerning the "lady of whom his soul was enamoured." His voice was tremulous, as he handled these heart-treasures, and there was a far-away look on his face—till he quietly re-locked the drawer, and without another word led the way upstairs. It was a glance into the holy of holies. And those who have read his letters to Isa Blagden, will need no assurance that his heart was always there—there in Florence: "I well remember the fine old walk, overgrown with weeds and wild flowers, violets and ground ivy. Oh, me! To find myself there, some late sunshiny Sunday afternoon, with my face turned to Florence,—ten minutes to the gate, ten minutes *home*! I think I should fairly end it all on the spot."

What a cry from the heart of such a man as Browning! Now re-read the wondrous invocation in the "Ring and the Book."

"O lyric love, half-angel and half-bird."

And you will see anew the pathos and glory of those exultant lines.

On another occasion, I call to mind his showing me "the square old yellow book" he found on a Florence bookstall. Even then turning the pages over with a reverential touch, as he pointed out the different divisions of the "Book." It had often occurred to me somewhat pe-

cular that not one of the Judges who presided at the trial of Guido had a "say" in the matter, and I remarked to the poet "You ought to have given us Judge Tommati's speech, or his summing up—

'You, Judge Tommati, who then tittered most.' "

"Yes, I might have done *that*," he replied, "but then, it wasn't in the Book"! But it was a treasurable hour to be shown the contents of the "old yellow Book," by the poet himself.

So many and varied are the memories that crowd one's mind that it is not easy to gather them into a coherent whole. For instance, on another occasion he produced a lock of Milton's hair, given him by Leigh Hunt—laughing heartily as he remarked that he had had it fixed into a little case; as he found that a certain lady, to whom he was once showing it, was trying to purloin a few threads!

Again,—when referring to his longer poems, he said he had thought of making a selection from them, with connecting links—"so that readers might meet me half-way at first." I told him I thought it a splendid idea. "Ah, but my publishers were of the opinion it would do harm—as my works might then only be read in Selections." Nevertheless, I still think it a pity he had not persisted in carrying this out.

I have spoken of his aversion to what he called "being made a show of," and it was with this feeling he gave a peremptory "No" when invited to be present at a performance of *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, organized by the Browning Society. But directly the Producer pointed out to him how hard the actors had worked, and how disappointed they would be at his absence, he at once gave in—stipulating that he was to have a private box, and *no one be told he intended being present*. At the close of the performance, however, he hurried behind the curtain, and told the company how delighted he had been, and, after thanking them heartily, hurriedly left. The sequel is too good to be omitted, and the Poet told it with a hearty chuckle. It seems that a prominent member of the Browning Society went behind the curtain as soon as he could, telling the actors he intended to write to the poet that very evening, and tell him how capitally it had passed off. "*Oh, but we've just seen him!*" was the general exclamation—to the momentary discomfiture of the prominent member.

But once he was caught napping. It was at the celebration of the Tercentenary of the Edinburgh University, to which he had been invited. Browning was always punctual—so had taken his allotted place on the platform long before any other arrivals. The student had already assembled, and were indulging in their customary "jollifications"—until noting the solitary occupant of the platform, they began to cater for his amusement. Bye and bye, a whisper passed among them that the platform-guest was none other than Robert Browning. For some moments a respectful silence ensued—then came "Three cheers for Browning!" and they *were* given! All through the evening'

proceedings there were repeated calls for "Browning"—till he had perforce to rise—and his response was Browning-like! "Gentlemen, the utter surprise with which this demonstration fills me, and the embarrassment consequent upon it, must be my excuse for not attempting to do more adequately what I am afraid would in any case be done by me most imperfectly. I am usually accused of my writings being unintelligible. Let me, for once, attempt to be intelligible indeed by saying that I feel thoroughly grateful to you for the kindness which I have experienced. I shall consider this to the end of my life one of the proudest days I have spent. The recognition you have given me, and all your kindness, I shall never forget."

It was his one public triumph-hour,—and from the manner in which he spoke of it to me, I could tell how deeply he had been touched.

In 1888 he moved into De Vere Gardens. When I made my first visit there, I at once saw how happy he was in his new home—especially in his large and commodious study. It was crowded with books; while on a table in a recess, were tied-up packets of letters, mostly addressed to his wife by Miss Milford and others: also various trophies he had gathered in his early wanderings. The walls of the wide staircase were crowded with pictures, many of them painted by his son. In one small sitting room was that pathetic portrait of his wife—and turning a corner he points to a picture by his son—"There's poor dear Milsand."

He then took me into his own room, and, opening the door, said: "This will be my last home—no, no; not the *last*—there will surely be another Home beyond." And here I may be pardoned for saying, on the authority of many talks I have had with him, that Browning held firmly and humbly to the Christian faith. We were talking once on his poem *A Death in the Desert* and he inferred that this poem was the outcome of his own spiritual faith—as indeed the "postscript" to the poem proves it to be. At the same time, his precise *form* of belief was no one's business—he *was a good man*: and surely that was much.

It was early in the August of 1889 that I saw him for the last time. It was a bright Sunday morning; and when I was shown into his study he received me with evident pleasure. I saw he was looking somewhat worn and tired, so I shortened my usual hour or two. In the course of conversation I happened to remark that I was giving a lecture on *The Flight of the Duchess*. "Oh," he said, "I remember well a curious incident about that poem. I had just written a line—"And the old one—you shall hear!" when I saw from the window an old friend of ours coming in at the gate. I got up, and a long talk followed. Afterwards other delays occurred, till I lost the idea that was in my head. So I gave it as a fragment to Hood for his magazine. Some time after this, when I was visiting in Wales, some one, remarking on the early signs of winter, said 'Already the deer had to break the ice in the pond!' A fancy at once took hold of me, so that, on

returning home, I was able to bring the story to a conclusion."

I said, half seriously: "The moral—don't call on a poet in his working hours." "You know I am always at home to you," he replied, whether at work or play."

He spoke of some new poems which would be ready "presently"; and added, "But I have in mind one or two longer poems I want to write before I die." He went on—"Didn't I promise you some bits of my writing the other day? If I live you shall certainly have them." This he repeated more than once—"If I live." Ominous words—which still dwell in my heart, with a feeling "too deep for tears." For some time we were both silent. Then he spoke of the sunshine and beauty outside, and laid his hand on my shoulder in his own familiar way. As usual, he accompanied me to the door, again placed his hand on my shoulder, and, with an affectionate "God bless you," said "good bye."

I saw his face no more. He passed away at Venice on the 12th day of December, 1889—one of the truest and brotherliest of men I have ever met.

*Note: At the conclusion of my visit in London with the Second Browning Pilgrimage, Mr. Kingsland gave me the manuscript of the foregoing article with permission to publish it.

London, August 1930.

FIRST EDITIONS OF BROWNING'S *PAULINE*

By Mary Dean Reneau

The following is our latest report on the location of the existing copies of Robert Browning's *Pauline*. In compiling this information, we have become indebted to many individuals and particularly to the Superintendent of the Reading Room of the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C., whose assistance and cooperation have been most helpful.

Mrs. Sutherland Orr, in *The Life and Letters of Robert Browning*, thus describes the publication of *Pauline*: "Before Mr. Browning had half completed his twenty-first year he had written *Pauline, a Fragment of a Confession*. His sister was in the secret, but this time his parents were not. This is why his aunt, hearing that 'Robert' had 'written a poem,' volunteered the sum requisite for its publication. Even this first installment of success did not inspire much hope in the family mind, and Miss Browning made pencil copies of her favourite passages for the event, which seemed only too possible of her never seeing the whole poem again. It was, however, accepted by Saunders and Otley, and appeared anonymously in 1833."

We give the collation:

Pauline; / A / Fragment of a Confession. / Plus ne suis ce que j' ai etc, / Et ne le scaurois jamais etre. / Marot. / London: / Saunders and Otley, Conduit Street. / 1833.

Collation: Large 12 mo., pp. 71: consisting of Title-page, as above (with imprint "London: / Ibotson and Palmer, Printers, Savoy Street, Strand," at the foot of the reverse), pp. 1-2; Extract from "*H. Cor. Agrippa, De Occult. Phil.*" dated "London, January, 1833. V. A. XX." with blank reverse, pp. 3-4; and Text, pp. 5-71. The headline is *Pauline* throughout, upon both sides of the page. The imprint is repeated at the foot of p. 71. The poem is dated at the end, "*Richmond, October 22, 1832.*" Issued in drab boards, with white paper back-label bearing the single word 'Pauline.'

Browning soon developed a great distaste for this work. This is shown not only in the apology which he prefixed to it in 1868, and the revision of it which he made in 1888, but in his extreme unwillingness to show it to Elizabeth Barrett in 1846. He mentions incidentally that the publishers never knew his name, and that he withdrew the copies from their hands "after a very little time."

The extreme rarity of this first edition is shown in the following paragraph quoted from an anonymous author writing for an unknown periodical in the Bang's Catalogue of the Charles B. Foote collection, 1895: "Another copy of Browning's *Pauline* has come to light in London, making the eighth now known. In all twenty copies got into circulation. Until the author's last departure for Italy only

five were known, and two of these were in the British Museum, but the author found two copies in an old trunk, making seven, to which the present copy adds one more."

The Bookman, a Literary Journal, vol. I, no. 3, p. 155, April 1895, notes: "During the past month another copy of Robert Browning's first book *Pauline* has been recovered. It fell into the hands of Mr. Jesse Jaggard, of Liverpool, who promptly disposed of it for £60. This is the ninth copy now known to be extant."

In making our list we have entered each copy under the name of the present recorded owner.

I

CARL H. PFORZHEIMER (H. Buxton Forman).

Thomas J. Wise writes to E. D. Johnson: "Once mine. I bought it from a book-seller in L'pool for £45."—Could this be the copy mentioned in the paragraph above?

The Anderson Galleries sold to Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, March 15, 1920, for \$2560 00.

Carl H. Pforzheimer writes to E. D. J., October 22, 1927: "I have the Buxton-Forman copy of Robert Browning's *Pauline*. This is in the original boards and in exceptional condition. I did have another copy which had been rebound and cut down but I returned this to the George D. Smith Estate and do not know to whom they in turn sold it. I do not know whether the copy I have is identical with the one sold by Sotheby's in May, 1911."—Seymour De Ricci is of the opinion that the copy returned by Mr. Pforzheimer to the George D. Smith Estate (i. e. the C. Baker copy) and the copy purchased May 1, 1911, by Mr. G. D. Smith are the same. (See De Ricci, Seymour: *The Book Collector's Guide*, 1921.)

On April 26, 1931, Mr. Pforzheimer writes that he still possesses the Buxton-Forman copy.

II

W. I. H. HOWE (Reuben Browning)

Inscribed: "By Robert Browning, his first publication, privately distributed. This copy was given me by his father, my eldest brother. Reuben Browning."

Sold by Hutt to C. B. Foote. (See *Bookman* V: 1: 280, May 1895.)

Sold by C. B. Foote to George T. Maxwell. (*Bookman* 1: 61, Feb. 1895, gives \$210.00 as price.) However, \$260.00 seems the price paid by Maxwell in 1895; \$210.00 refers to the other copy sold by Foote. See copy No. XI.

Sold by Maxwell to A. J. Morgan, April, 1902, for \$720.00.

Sold by Morgan to Appleton, April 1903, for \$1025.00.

Appleton seems to have sold it to Louis M. Dillman, for it is listed in the Dillman collection, and was sold at the Anderson Galleries, March 21, 1907, for \$810.00 to Winston H. Hagen. It is listed in the Hagen collection, and was sold at the Anderson Galleries, May 13,

1918, for \$1610.00 to John L. Clawson. It is listed in the Clawson collection and was sold at the Anderson Galleries, November 29, 1920, to Walter M. Hill, antiquarian book dealer of Chicago, for \$1200.00.

Mr. Hill writes, December 2, 1927: "The Clawson copy of the first edition of Robert Browning's *Pauline* that I purchased is now owned by Mr. W. I. H. Howe of the American Book Company, Cincinnati, Ohio.

W. I. H. Howe says in a letter of January 27, 1928: "I have a copy of Browning's *Pauline* in original boards. It, however, is not the Clawson copy. It is a copy that Mr. Hill brought over from England." Later, in a letter of February 3, 1928, Mr. Howe says: "The copy of *Pauline* that I have came from the P. A. Valentine Library, and is not the inscribed copy which, as I remember is bound."

On April 29, 1931, Mr. Howe states that he possesses this copy.

III

JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY (Moncure D. Conway).

This is listed in the John Rylands catalogue (1899) under title.

Seymour De Ricci is authority for the statement that it was formerly the property of Moncure Daniel Conway.

The Librarian, the John Rylands Library, writes, December 5, 1927: "Our copy of Browning's *Pauline* contains no inscription whatever, and nothing to identify it with Moncure Daniel Conway's copy."

Thomas J. Wise says in a letter to E. D. Johnson that the copy "came from the preacher at South Place Chapel—an American. . . . Moncure D. Conway."

Letter from the John Rylands Library, Manchester, May 17, 1927: "We do possess a copy of the original *Pauline*: London, 1833, in the original grey paper boards, with the white paper label bearing the single word *Pauline*."

On April 15, 1931, a letter from the John Rylands Library states that this copy remains there.

IV

THE HENRY E. HUNTINGTON LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY (Walter B. Slater).

"The copy which Mr. T. J. Wise in his bibliography notes as belonging to Mr. Walter B. Slater, has since come to America, and is now in the collection of Mr. F. R. Halsey. It is in the original boards."—Luther S. Livingston, *The Bookman*, X, 76.

"Frederick Robert Halsey, widely known as a collector of rare books and prints, died September 30th at his home in this city in the seventy-second year of his age. He was a trustee of the New York Public Library, and served for years as chairman of the library committee on prints."—*Publishers' Weekly*, October 19, 1916, p. 1251, col. 2.

Seymour De Ricci in *The Book Collector's Guide* 1921, is authority for the statement that this is the copy now in the Huntington collection.

Mr. Robert O. Schad, Curator of Rare Books, The Henry S. Hunting-

ton Library and Art Gallery, San Marino, California, writes: "This was acquired by Mr. Huntington with the library of Frederic R. Halsey which was purchased en-bloc in December 1915. Mr. Halsey purchased this copy from Dodd Mead and Company, N. Y., February 28, 1897."

(Luther S. Livingston was associated with Dodd Mead & Company.)

Under the date of April 18, 1931, Robert Schad, curator of Rare Books, Huntington Library, acknowledges that this copy is in that library.

V

TRINITY COLLEGE, Dublin, Ireland.

This copy is bound with some other poems, but it has all the earmarks of a genuine first edition copy.

On April 9, 1931, Frank Marsh, Assistant Librarian, Trinity College Library, confirmed the existence of the copy in their library.

VI

THOMAS J. WISE, London (Edward Fitzgerald).

Inscribed:

"Kathleen
from her affectionate
E. F."

"I see with much interest this little book, the original publication of which can hardly have cost more than has been expended on a single copy by its munificent Proprietor and my friend—Mr. Wise. Feb. 12, '88 Robert Browning."

The words at the head are in the handwriting of Edward Fitzgerald. —Wise. *Bibliography*, opp. p. 4. See also *Wise Catalogue*, Vol. 1, iii. See also *A Browning Library*, 1929, pp. 3, 4.

In a letter to Wise, January 31, 1888, Browning writes: "Of course I will cheerfully do what you please to require so kindly with the copy of *Pauline*, which you have purchased, as far as I can remember, at about two-thirds of the price paid for printing the whole edition fifty-five-years ago."—2nd series, vol. ii, pp. 58, 59.

On March 25, 1931, Thomas J. Wise verifies the fact of his owning this copy.

VII

BRITISH MUSEUM (Copy 1).

Sir Frederick Kenyon says that this is the copy which was delivered to the museum in accordance with the Copyright Act and which Dante Gabriel Rossetti used in making his famous transcript.

VIII

BRITISH MUSEUM (Copy II).

On April 1, 1931, W. A. Marsden, Keeper of Department of Printed Books stated that two copies of the original edition were in the Museum.

IX

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM (John Stuart Mill).

History of this seems complete, as follows:

Soon after the publication of *Pauline*, Browning sent a dozen copies to W. J. Fox.

Fox sent one of these copies to John Stuart Mill, who annotated it very carefully and read it four times, with a view to writing an article for *The Examiner*; his review never reached print.

At the end of June, Mill returned it to Fox, with this note:

"I send *Pauline* having done all I could, which was to annotate copiously in the margin and sum up on the fly-leaf. On the whole the observations are not flattering to the author—perhaps too strong in the expression to be shown him."

Fox returned it to Browning, evidently before October 30, 1833, since Browning writes in the book on that date. Browning himself wrote some words of counter-criticism in it, and upon being asked by John Forster for a copy sometime after 1835, having been in that year introduced to him by Macready, Browning sent it to Forster.

Forster in turn loaned the book to Mr. Justice Chitty, who never returned it. On the death of the Justice, his son found the book and, realizing it belonged to Forster, turned it over to the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, London.

It is not recorded in the printed catalogue of the Forster Bequest, in accordance with a request of Browning's indicated in a letter to Dr. F. J. Furnivall, September 15, 1881: "What you tell me about the copy of *Pauline* interests me much. If the entry was 'struck out of the catalogue,' I suppose that means—the request I made to the executor, Mr. Chitty, that the book might be returned to me, which he promised to attend to, but of which I heard no more, was really complied with. I shall try if I can recover the copy." The title particulars are entered in the MS in both copies of the catalogue officially used in the Museum Library.

—*Browning's Letters*. T. J. Wise. Vol. i, pp. 72, 73.

The director and secretary of South Kensington Museum writes April 7, 1931, that this copy is still preserved in the Forster Bequest to the Museum.

X

WELLESLEY COLLEGE LIBRARY (Edward K. Butler).

The American Art Association sold, April 10, 1922, the Edward K. Butler copy for \$2400.00. It was purchased (*Biblio.* I. 23) by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, from whom George Herbert Palmer and G. L. Stone purchased it, and presented it to the Library of Wellesley College. Miss Ethel D. Roberts, Librarian, Wellesley College, writes: "This copy is in the original brown boards with label; inclosed in a crimson levant case."

G. H. Palmer writes to A. J. Armstrong on May 29, 1927: "I got it at auction and had to pay \$2640.00. It is a perfect copy."

Ethel D. Roberts, Librarian, writes to E. D. Johnson, November 1, 1927: "The Wellesley College Library copy was purchased at the Butler sale in April, 1922."

(T. J. Wise says in a letter to E. D. Johnson: "Bought by him from Butler, who bought it from Wolf (sp. ?), who bought it at Sotheby's.")

Under the date April 3, 1931, we have the statement of Miss Lilla Weed, Curator, English Poetry Collection, Wellesley College Library, that this copy is in their possession.

XI

YALE LIBRARY (G. D. Smith).

Sold in December, 1900 at Sotheby's for £120. Later became the Arnold-Ives copy. Sold in the Wallace sale.

Sotheby sold, May 1, 1911, a copy from a miscellaneous collection to G. D. Smith, New York antiquarian book-dealer, for £164. Bound with this were two other pieces, which Mr. Smith, no doubt, had separated and rebound.

Mr. Andrew Keogh, Librarian, Yale University Library, New Haven, Conn., writes: "Our copy has no inscription, or names of former owners; it was, however, bought by Professor Phelps from Charles Sessler, of 1310 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. Sessler bought it from Jerome D. Kern, of Bronxville, New York, who in turn had bought it from the late George D. Smith." We cannot, of course, be sure that the Yale copy, the copy returned by Mr. Pforzheimer, and the copy purchased by Mr. Smith, May 1, 1911, are the same, but it seems likely. Seymour De Ricci is of the opinion that the copy returned by Mr. Pforzheimer and the copy purchased May 1, 1911, are the same. (See De Ricci, Seymour: *The Book Collector's Guide*, 1921.) On March 26, 1931, Mr. Keogh states that this copy is in the Yale Library.

XII

HARRY ELKINS WIDENER MEMORIAL LIBRARY (Sarah Flower Adams).

"This copy was given by the author to Sarah Flower Adams, author of *Nearer My God to Thee*, who, at least in part, inspired the poem, according to a manuscript note on the inside of the cover. From the Library of Walter B. Slater."—Rosenbach, A. S. W. *A Catalogue of the Books and Manuscripts of Harry Elkins Widener*. Philadelphia, privately printed, 1918.

This copy is now in the Harry Elkins Widener Memorial Library at Harvard University. Mrs. Flora V. Livingston writes, December 15, 1927: "Our *Pauline* has the following note in pencil on the inside of the front cover: 'This copy was given to Sarah Flower Adams, author of *Nearer My God to Thee*. It is not Browning's writing, and I have no way of identifying it. The copy is in the original grey boards with the paper label on the spine"

On the date of March 18, 1931, Mr. C. Ewalton, Assistant Librarian, wrote that this copy and copy XIII are to be found in the Harvard Library.

XIII

AMY LOWELL LIBRARY (Locker-Lampson).

"At the top of the title-page is this inscription in Browning's autograph:

"To Frederick Locker—with
all regard from his friend
Robert Browning.
April 13, '69."

"Lower down on the title is another line in Browning's autograph:
'(Corrections made at London, 1867)'

"Throughout the volume are upwards of three hundred alterations or corrections in Browning's autograph."

"This copy of *Pauline* is evidently the identical one used by Browning in preparing for the collected edition of his works issued in six volumes in 1868. In the Preface to that edition he says. . . . "It is evident that, after making the corrections in this copy, Browning kept it by him for some time and then, in April 1869, gave it to his friend Frederick Locker."—The Rowfant Books, offered for sale by Dodd, Mead & Company, New York City, pp. 8, 9.

Seymour De Ricci, in *The Publisher's Weekly*, May 23, 1926, says:

"The filing of the will of Miss Amy Lowell reveals that she has bequeathed her very valuable collection of poems and manuscripts to Harvard College, with the proviso that they be placed in a separate room as a memorial to her. Should the college refuse the conditions, the collection is to be given to the Boston Public Library."

Mrs. Flora V. Livingston, Librarian, Widener Memorial Library, Harvard, writes: "The Locker-Lampson copy is among the books given the Library by Miss Lowell; these are in storage in the Library now."

XIV

J. A. SPOOR (J. Dykes Campbell).

Inscribed: "J. Dykes Campbell, Esq from his obliged and grateful friend Robert Browning, 19, Warwick Crescent, W. March 6, '86."

In a letter to T. J. Wise on March 10th, 1886, Browning writes of giving "away one of the copies already to a friend of mine."—*Browning Letters*, T. J. Wise, 2nd series, vol. ii, p. 27.

Sold at Sotheby's, June 13, 1904, for £325 to Messrs. Maggs Brothers, London antiquarian bookdealers. ("An uncut copy of *Pauline* was bought at a library sale in London, the other day, for three hundred and twenty-five pounds—about sixteen hundred dollars—*Pauline Then and Now*." *Munsey's Magazine* 31: 919 Sept., 1904.

Luther S. Livingston, in *Bookman*, X, 79, attributes a copy to "a Mrs. Campbell of London."

Sold to J. A. Spoor of Chicago, Illinois.

Ralph M. Shaw, Trustee of the Spoor estate, further identifies the book: "an immaculate copy in the original boards, uncut with the paper label. . . . Copies of extracts from letters of J. S. Mill to

W. J. Fox inserted, also a note relating to *Pauline*, by Mr. Campbell, cuttings, a review, etc.".....Newspaper item, undated, pasted in the fly-leaf indicates that seven copies of the original 1833 edition were known to be in collections in England and six copies in collections in the United States.....Also included in the book is a note written by Sarah F. Adams, author of the hymn *Nearer My God to Thee*. This note was apparently sent by T. J. Wise direct to Mr. Spoor for accompanying typewritten memorandum contains statement (which is evidently attributable to Mr. Wise) that Sarah F. Adams was *Pauline*.—Letter to E. D. Johnson, Nov. 8, 1927.

Mr. J. R. Julin, Secretary to the Trust Department of First Union Trust and Savings Bank, Chicago, writes us on April 30, 1931, that this copy is still a part of the Spoor Estate.

XV

WILLIAM ANDREWS CLARK, JR. (Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning).

Was seen by Thomas J. Wise in a trunk at 19, Warwick Crescent.—Letter to E. D. Johnson.

Sold at Sotheby's, May 5, 1913, for £480.

Purchased by Joseph Hornstein, who sold it at Sotheby's February 25, 1918, to Maggs Brothers for £310.

Maggs Brothers list this copy in their catalogue 1918, no. 357, lot 173 for £450.

Sold to Mrs. Phoebe A. D. Boyle of Brooklyn whose copy was sold at the Anderson Galleries, Nov. 19, 1923, lot 52 for \$2050.00.

The Anderson Galleries write (under date of November 18, 1927): "The copy of *Pauline* in the Boyle sale was purchased by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, 273 Madison Avenue, New York City."

Browning, in a letter to Thomas J. Wise, March 10, 1886, writes: "I have given away one of the copies already to a friend of mine (J. Dykes Campbell), and must keep the other for my son,—who expects me to think of him in such a case."—*Browning's Letters*. T. J. Wise. 2nd series, vol. ii, p. 27.

This fact was affirmed in a letter of February 8, 1928, from Robert E. Cowan, librarian of Clark library. "Absence of correspondence with reference to the book or its purchase would appear to indicate that the transaction was effected by Mr. Clark, personally and directly, upon the occasion of a visit to New York during January, 1924."

On March 30, 1931, Cora Saunders, Assistant Librarian, verifies the fact that this copy is in the Library of William Andrews Clark, Jr.

XVI

OWEN D. YOUNG (M. D. Scott).

Sold at Sotheby's, December 3, 1900, for £120, to B. F. Stevens, agent in London for many American collectors.

Seymour De Ricci in *The Book Collector's Guide*, 1921, is authority for the statement that William Harris Arnold acquired the Scott copy.

"Those were the days of the Browning clubs. While devotees of the poet were puzzling over obscurities of text, I was searching assiduously for first editions. One by one I found them all, though *Pauline* eluded me until 1900." (William Harris Arnold in *Ventures in Book Collecting*, 1923.)

Sold at Bangs, May 7, 1901, for \$700.00.

The Anderson Galleries sold, from a miscellaneous collection, the Arnold copy, April 11, 1905, for \$1,275.00.

The American Art Association sold, April 6, 1915, General Brayton Ives' copy (the Arnold copy) for \$1,425.00, to Walter Thomas Wallace.

The American Art Association sold, March 22, 1920, the W. T. Wallace copy to Charles Sessler for \$1,400.00.

Mr. Charles Sessler writes, under date of December 6, 1927: "The Wallace copy of Browning's *Pauline* which we purchased at the American Art Association is now in the possession of Mr. Jerome D. Kern, of Bronxville, New York."

Mr. Jerome Kern writes: "William Harris Arnold purchased this copy at auction in 1900. At his sale (Bangs & Company) May 7, 1901, it fetched \$700.00. There was a small hole mentioned at the time in one of the leaves. I have never been able to find it. I consider it a perfect copy."

This in reference to the rare library of Mr. Jerome Kern, which was recently sold: "He secured many Browning volumes of unusual interest, among them being a copy of *Pauline* in the original boards, for which Barnet J. Beyer paid \$16,000;" *The Christian Science Monitor*, January 26, 1929, p. 16, col. 4, par. 6.

Recently purchased by Owen D. Young, of 830 Park Avenue, New York. This fact is verified by a letter of May 5, 1931, from Sara Dickson, Librarian of the Owen D. Young Library.

XVII

TURNBULL LIBRARY (Richard Herne Shepherd).

Mr. R. H. Shepherd writes: "On the fly-leaf of a copy of the original edition of *Pauline*, formerly in my possession, was the following note in the author's handwriting: *Pauline*—Written in pursuance of a foolish plan I forget, or have no wish to remember . . ." etc. (Quoted in Furnivall's *Bibliography*.) (See also *Poet Lore* 1: 1: 41, 42.)

From Shepherd it seems to have passed into the hands of Alfred Crampon, for a copy with this inscription was sold as part of the Crampon collection at Sotheby's, June 3, 1896, to Pearson, for £145. Lounsbury, *The Early Literary Career of Browning*, p. 10, says: "In 1890 it was said that only five were known to exist. . . . In January, 1896, a copy containing on the fly-leaf some observations upon the poem by the poet himself was sold by auction and brought the comfortable sum of one hundred and forty-five pounds."

Pearson seems to have sold it to Mr. Stuart P. Samuel, for a copy with this inscription was sold as part of the Samuel Collection at Sotheby's, July 1, 1907, for £225 to Bernard Quaritch.

Bernard Quaritch, Ltd., writes, December 2, 1927: "The copy of Browning's *Pauline* with the author's note which I purchased at the Samuel sale at Sotheby's on July 1, 1907, was purchased by Mr. A. H. Turnbull, of Wellington, New Zealand, and is most probably now in the Turnbull Library."

Verified in letter of March, 1928, by librarian. Turnbull paid 130 guineas for the book; bequeathed his library to the people of New Zealand. On April 7, 1931, Johannes C. Anderson, Librarian of the Turnbull Library, states that this copy remains there.

XVIII

UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

Under the date of March 28, 1931, we have the statement of W. N. Cunningham, University Librarian and Keeper of the Hunterian Books and Manuscripts, that there is a copy of the original edition in their library.

XIX*

HERSHEL V. JONES.

As yet we have no data concerning this copy. We mention this on the authority of Barnet J. Beyer. (See above XVI.)

XX*

FRANK B. BEMIS (John Ferguson).

Pickering and Chatto purchased the John Ferguson copy at Sotheby's, November 15, 1920.

Thomas Chatto writes, under date of November 29, 1927, "With regard to the disposition of the copy of Browning's *Pauline* . . . the book was purchased from us by Mr. Frank B. Bemis, 15 State Street, Boston, Massachusetts."

Mr. Bemis, in a letter of January 17, 1928, verifies this information.

XXI*

ALFRED DOMETT—STATE LIBRARY OF NEW ZEALAND.

This copy was given by Robert Browning to Alfred Domett, "Waring."

It is now in the state library of New Zealand.

*We have been unable to secure recent verifications from the owners

DESIDERATA

Compiled by

Miss Wynnie Smith

During the past few years we have been interested to ascertain certain facts connected either directly or perhaps only indirectly with Browning. Perhaps the reader may give us some assistance. We shall be grateful for all cooperation. Address all communications to A. J. Armstrong, Baylor University, Waco, Texas, U. S. A.

We have poems of Browning in all the great languages except Persian. Perhaps someone may know something of Browning in Persian.

Our Browningiana in foreign languages has grown from a few stray books until we now have several hundred volumes, either translations of Browning's poems or criticisms of his works or biographical studies.

Recently one of our students, Miss Lucile Moore, wrote a master's thesis *Browning Through Foreign Eyes* and her study crystallized some of the research that has been going on in Baylor for years.

At present we are anxious to gain information concerning works and translation in Sweden, Persia, Spain, Mexico, China, and South American Countries.

We desire to obtain the Italian translation of *Andrea del Sarto* by Dr. Biagi.

* * *

Due to the friendship of Browning and Isa Blagden, we are searching for a history of her home, her family and other literary connections. We should be glad to have information concerning letters and portraits. We have been unsuccessful in locating the full length picture of Isa Blagden that occurred in an American magazine about 1890. There is also a portrait of Isa Blagden which we are desirous to locate.

* * *

We would like a complete bibliography of all editions of the works of Browning printed in America.

Also a similar bibliography of all editions of Browning's works printed in England is desired.

* * *

Mr. C. R. Johnson, formerly of 125 W. 56th St., New York, owns a phonograph record of Browning's voice. We are trying to locate it or him, as well as other recordings of Browning's voice.

* * *

Locate the original of the following pictures:

Hermann Kaulbach's *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

Maclise *The Serenade*.

Rossetti's *The Laboratory*.

In Minchin and Griffin's *Life of Browning* there are about twenty lines from a poem *The Pied Piper* written by Browning's father. Our attempts to locate the original manuscript of this have failed, thus far.

Wanted any folk tales related to the *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*.

* * *

Browning's homes in Paris have never been identified with contemporary numbers. They are:

(a) Champs Elysses, 138 (of Browning's day)

(b) Hotel Hyacinthe, Rue St. Honore

(c) Hotel du Nord, Rue Bourgogne

(d) 102 Rue Grenelle

(e) 102 Rue Faubourg, St. Germain

(f) Hotel de Ville, (151) Rue Levegne.

Wanted: The present numbering of these locations.

Wanted: The address of Signora Bicci, daughter of Prof. Biagi, who translated *Andrea del Sarto* into Italian.

* * *

When and where was the first poem of Browning published in America? From whom did the publisher obtain the poem?

* * *

We have been told that *Agnes Tremorne* by Isa Blagden has been reprinted in Italy. Wanted: The name of the publisher.

* * *

Poems by Browning are said to have been printed in Turkish newspapers, *Tanin*. We would like to obtain them.

* * *

Wanted: A translation of *La Saisiaz* into French.

* * *

Where is the letter Browning wrote to an old woman explaining his belief in immortality? Who was the old woman, and what were the circumstances under which she wrote to the poet? Was it published in the *Non Conformist Magazine*? When?

* * *

Where are there other busts of Browning besides the Storey bust in the Keats house, Rome; three busts by Barrett Browning, one owned by Mr. Wise; the other by London Browning Settlement; and one in the museum at Asolo; and one made by James Lattimer Manchester.

* * *

Cite any letters from Ruskin written to Mrs. Browning.

* * *

Wanted: *The Return of Druses* by Emily Belinda Cornish.

Browning Pictures

Where may the originals be found? Where
may copies be found?

1. Browning, sitting with his legs crossed, made by Samuel A. Walker.
2. A bust made by Miss Henrietta Montalba in 1889.
3. An oil portrait by Charles Forbes made in Venice in 1880.
4. An oil portrait by Julian Strong, made in Venice in 1880.
5. An oil painting by Reade done at Florence in 1853.
6. An oil portrait by William Page, in Rome, 1854.
7. A second oil painting by Gordigiani made in 1854. We know one painting by Gordigiani in this year, made for Mr. and Mrs. Eckley, American friends of the Brownings, but there is thought to be another done for Mr. Robert Barrett Browning. It is possible that this information is a mistake and there was only one portrait.

BOOKS WANTED

- Rocabella* by H. F. Chorley, printed under the pseudonym Paul Bell.
- Epicædium* in which was printed a Browning *In Memoriam* by George O'Byrne. H. H. Adams, Printed, Pelham Chambers, Angel Row. Nottingham.
- Letters of Percy Bysshe Shelley* with an Introduction by Robert Browning, published by Ed. Moxon, London 1852
- Agnes Tremorne, The Cost of a Secret, Nora and Archibald Lee, The Crown of Life*, all by Isa Blagden.
- Centennial Monograph* by Mrs. Fances M. Sim.
- Andrea del Sarto* translated into Italian by Dr Biagi.
- First edition of *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon*. No. 5 *Bells and Pomegranates*. No. 13 *London Browning Society Papers*.
- Sordello* by Mrs. W. Bush.
- All Things Considered* by Chesterton.
- Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, Verstegen first edition, 1605.
- Robert Browning et la Musique* by Paul de Reul.
- Dramatis Personae, and Dramatic Romances and Lyrics*; illustrated by Eleanor Fortescue Brickdale, Lippincott, 1909.
- Essays in London and Elsewhere*, Henry James.
- Pen Pictures of Modern Authors*, Wm. Shepard Walsh.
- How the Browning Society Came Into Being*, F. J. Furnivall.
- Roberto Browning ad il Suo Capolavoro* by Silvestri-Falconieri Duca di Lebona, Estrattol, (Book by book, summary of *The Ring and the Book*).
- Luigi Gamberale (Pello, Napoli, 1897), *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* and part of *Pippa Passes*.

- Liriche e. Piumetti* di R. Browning. Commentati da Cino Chiarini, Bologna, Nicola Zanichilli, editor, (Roccatta di Classiei Stranieri con note).
- Nencioni, Enrico. *Medaglioni*. R. Benporad and Son. Contains an essay on E. B. B.
- I Volti Del Nemico*. Hon Luigi Siciliani.
- Browning as a Dramatic Writer*, Katherine Summer.
- Critical Kit Kats*, E. Gosse.
- Famous Tales of Heroism*, F. B. De Berard.
- Famous Tales of Fairy Land and Fancy*, F. B. De Berard.
- Dramatic Poetry of Browning*, G. W. Cook.
- Introduction to Robert Browning*, Bancroft Cook.
- Browning's Paracelsus*, J. D. Buck.
- Browning's Place in English Poetry*, Henry Jones.
- The Browning Register*, Alfred H. Mukes.
- Browning's Selected Poems*, Mary E. Burt.
- Robert Browning as an Exponent of a Philosophy of Life*, Brainerd Burrige.
- Seers and Singers*, A. D. Innes.
- Browning Birthday Book*, Raphael Tuck & Sons, Ltd. With six illustrations by Finnemoro.
- Italian Hours*, James Henry.
- Ring and the Book*, J. R. Moseley.
- Rabbi Ben Ezra*, W. A. Slade.
- The Poetry of Browning*, Three Lectures, W. S. McCormick.
- Outlines of Paracelsus*, Mrs. Fannie Holy.
- Mysticism in English Poetry*, C. H. Spurgeon.
- Lectures on Robert Browning*, F. W. Farrar.
- Horse and Foot, or Pilgrims to Parnassus*, Richard Crawley.
- Handbook for Students of Browning*, H. B. Leonard.
- Good, True Thoughts from Robert Browning*, Amy Cross.
- Browning's Theory of Love as Developed in his Lyrical Poems*, E. J. Bailey.

MAGAZINES: WANTED

Monthly Repository April 1833
 Frasier's Magazine December 1833
 Literary Gazette March 23, 1833
 Athanaeum April 6, 1833
 Tait's Edinburgh Magazine August 1833
 Atlantic Monthly August 1866
 Canadian Monthly No. 35 p. 231-235
 Education Dec. 1899
 American Jan 2, 1890

- American Monthly Dec. 1849
 Lippincott's Magazine May 1890
 London Quarterly Review Jan 1872, July 1875
 Fraser July 1879
 Hood's Magazine June 1844, August 1844
 Literary Digest Aug. 21, 1915
 Fellowship Oct. 1916
 Every Saturday May 15, 1873
 Harpers Bazar XLV Sept. 1911, XXXIII May 26, 1900
 International Review May-June 1876
 Journal of Education Jan. 13, 1910
 Nov. 4, 1909
 Nov. 11, 1909
 Nov. 18, 1909
 Dec. 2, 1909
 Dec. 23, 1909
 Jan. 10, 1910
 Jan. 27, 1910
 Feb. 3, 1910
 Monthly Review Nov. 1900
 Musician 5:510
 Nation 8:135
 Unitarian Dec. 1896
 St. Paul's Eclectic Magazine April 1871
 Pall Mall Gazette Dec. 28 1833, Dec. 13, 1833
 Macmillan's Magazine April 1869
 The Month Jan. 1897
 The Club Women Oct. 1897
 Fellowship Oct. 1916
 Fortnightly Review Vol. 32
 Christian Register May 1902
 Bibelot Feb. 1896, March 1898
 Arena Vol. 41
 Ladies College Magazine Feb. 1884
 New Englander Jan. 1870
 New World Sept. 1898

 Century Nov. 1882
 Current Literature March 1904
 Poet Lore Vol. IV No. 4, XIV No. 2
 Keepsake 1856
 Literary World March 11, 1882
 Saturday Review 81:343

DREAMING

Ever since I have been building the Browning Collection, I have been hoping some good friend would wish to build a beautiful home for the Browning Collection. It would be superb to have a large sanctuary of like dignity with the one which houses the Wrenn Collection at Austin, Texas, and could be erected for \$75,000, or as much more as one chose to devote to it. Oh, for some Edward Bok!

Years ago when I was a college student in Wabash College at Crawfordsville, Indiana, I used to visit General Lew Wallace in his wonderful library set in his park. It is just such a library I would have for the Browning Collection. Such a building would offer a fine memorial opportunity.

The Browning Collection will honor a home as splendid as can be devised.

I wish some architect with a poetic soul would submit plans and specifications. It would be the first step towards consummation.

International Bookcase

And while we are dreaming—we wish someone would give us \$1500 for an International Bookcase which would hold our Browningiana in foreign languages. We need it badly.

TO ROBERT BROWNING

(Translated by the author from the original Japanese.)

You are a smoking-room story-teller of the pageant of life seen by senses,

Your gusto in speech turns your art into obscurity,

Again from the obscurity into a valedictory:

You are a provincialism endorsed by eccentric pride.

You are sometimes riotous to escape from anarchism,

Your great thirst for expression makes you a soul-wounding
romancer,

You often play the mystagogue, and appear cruel.

You are a glutton of colourful adventures,

You are a troubadour serenading between the stars and Life,

Your love-song on a guitar torments us even physically;

You are a realist who under the darkness purifies himself into the
light of optimism;

You are a griffin wildly dancing on human laughter.

YONE NOGUCHI

Reprinted from the Calcutta Review.

MUSIC IN BAYLOR BROWNING ROOM

Compiled by
Miss Wynnie Smith

PARACELSUS

I go to Prove My Soul, Octavo

Ethel Harraden

STRAFFORD

O Bell Audare

Emily Hickey

PIPPA PASSES

All's Right With the World, Key of D

Emiliano Renaud

All's Right With the World, Key of C

Teresa Del Riego

All's Right With the World, Key of D flat (2 copies)

Louis Schmidt

Give Her But a Least Excuse to Love Me, Key of G

Hugh A. Clark

Give Her But a Least Excuse to Love Me, Key of E flat

John W. Worth

Epilogue—Heart's Ease, Arrg. for Piano

Carlyle Davis

Four Moods from Browning

A King Lived Long Ago, Key of C

John W. Worth

Scene III—The King's Dancer, Arrg. for Piano

Carlyle Davis

Four Moods from Browning

Love's Confidence, Soprano or Tenor

Jules Jordan

Prologue—Morning at Asolo, Arrg. for Piano & Voice

Carlyle Davis

Four Moods from Browning

Morning Song, Key of E

Harvey Worthington Loomis

(Pippa's Holiday) New Year's Hymn, Key of G

John Beach

Manuscript

Scene I—Ottima's Regret, Arrg. for Piano

Carlyle Davis

Overhead the Treetops Meet, Key of D flat

Hugh A. Clarke

Manuscript

Overhead the Treetops Meet, Key of A

John W. Worth

Manuscript

The Page Sings to the Queen, Key of F

Georgina Schuyler

Album of Songs

Parting at Morning, Key of E flat

Anne Stratton Miller

Pippa's Song, Key of C

Anglia

Pippa's Song, High Voice

Kate Gilmore Black

Pippa's Song, Key of C

Mrs. John Galsworthy

Two Songs

Pippa's Song, Key of E flat

Harry Johnstone

Pippa's Song, Key of G

Willetta Parker

The Year's at the Spring, Four Part Women's Voices

(2. copies)

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The Year's at the Spring, Key of A flat (2 copies)

Mrs. H. H. A. Beach

The Year's at the Spring, B flat

A. Redgrave Cripps

The Year's at the Spring, Key of C

Margaret A. Halley

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Cecile S. Hartog

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Francis MacMillen

The Year's at the Spring, Key of F (2 copies)

W. H. Neidlinger

The Year's at the Spring, High Voice

Daniel Protheroe

Three Lyrics**The Year's at the Spring, Key of A (2 copies), Clara Kathleen Rogers
Browning Songs, First Series****The Year's at the Spring, Key of D
Manuscript**

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You'll Love Me Yet, Contralto or Baritone

S. Coleridge-Taylor

You'll Love Me Yet, Medium Voice (3 copies)

Henry K. Hadley

You'll Love Me Yet, Key of D (2 copies)

Marshall Kernochan

You'll Love Me Yet, Key of E flat

John Makrejs

You'll Love Me Yet, Key of A flat

Emiliano Renaud

You'll Love Me Yet, Key of G flat (2 copies)

Ward Stephens

The Wedding Morn, High in G flat

Ethelbert Novin

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George F. Boyle

Marching Along, Medium Voice

Gena Branscombe

Marching Along, Baritone Solo & Male Chorus

C. Villiers Stanford

Marching Along, Key of A

Maude Valerie White

Cavalier Tunes II**Give a Rouse, Four Part Men's Voices**

Granville Bantock

Give a Rouse, Medium Voice

Marshall Kernochan

Give a Rouse—King Charles, Key of B flat

Samuel Liddle

Give a Rouse—King Charles, Key of D flat

C. Villiers Stanford

Give a Rouse—King Charles, Key of G (2 copies)

Maude Valerie White

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Boot and Saddle, Medium—Key of D	Gena Branscombe
Boot and Saddle, High in G Minor	James H. Rogers
Boot, Saddle, to Horse and Away, Medium	G. R. Stratton
Boot and Saddle—Boot, Saddle, to Horse and Away, Baritone	C. Villiers Stanford
Boot and Saddle—To Horse, Key of C	Gustav Kobbé

Home Thoughts from Abroad

Home Thoughts from Abroad, Key of B flat	Maude Valerie White
O to be in England—Three English Songs, Contralto	Bertram Shapleigh
Now That April's Here, Soprano (3 copies)	Alma Goatley
Home Thoughts from Abroad—	
II Three Descriptions from Browning, Violin & Piano	Grace White

Various Poems

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In a Year, Key of D flat	Caroline Reinagle
Love, Key of E (2 copies)	Clara Kathleen Rogers
Browning Songs, Second Series	
Love—Love Me Forever, Key of E flat	Emiliano Renaud
Love Among the Ruins—At Evening, Prelude for Piano	A. Walter Kramer
The Boy and the Angel, Medium voice	Edwin Bending
London Browning Society	
The Lost Leader, Medium	Ethel Harraden

Lovers' Quarrel

A Lovers' Quarrel, Key of A (Six Songs)	E. C. Gregory
Six Songs	
Love, if You Knew the Light, Low Voice	Liza Lehman

Meeting at Night

Meeting, Key of C	G. Waring Stebbins
Meeting at Night, Key of E	John W. Worth
Manuscript	
I Three Descriptions from Browning, Violin & Piano	Grace White

Misconceptions

Misconceptions, Key of D (Six Songs)

E. C. Gregory

This is a Spray the Bird Clung To, Key of B

Caroline Reinagle

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My Star, Key of E flat

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Sidney Homer

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Browning Songs, Second Series

One Way of Loving, Key of G

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Six Songs

Parting

Parting at Morning, Key of D flat

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Manuscript

Parting at Night, Violin & Piano

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Toccata

Toccata, Piano
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The Eagle, Key of F	Granville Bantock
Epilogue, Key of C	Granville Bantock
The Family, Key of A flat	Granville Bantock
The Melon Seller, Key of B flat	Granville Bantock
Mihrab Shah, Key of A	Granville Bantock
A Pillar of Sebzebah, Key of G	Granville Bantock
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Plot Culture, Key of D flat	Granville Bantock
A Query, High voice	Manna-Zucca
Round Us the Wild Creatures, Key of A flat	Marshall Kernochan
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The Sun, Key of A flat	Granville Bantock
Two Camels, Key of F sharp	Granville Bantock

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FROM LETTERS OF ROBERT BROWNING TO ELIZABETH

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The Rose Tree, High voice	Louis Victor Soar
Browning Song Cycle	
Some Happy Day, High voice	Louis Victor Soar
Browning Song Cycle	
Thou Shalt Know Me, High voice	Louis Victor Soar
Browning Song Cycle	
Thou Wilt Know, High voice	Louis Victor Soar

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	Alfred J. Caldicott
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Unless, Low voice in E	Howard Bennett
A Woman's Love, Key of C	Harold Rhodes
A Year's Spinning, Key of E (2 copies)	Alfred H. Pease

SECOND BROWNING PILGRIMAGE

By

A. JOSEPH ARMSTRONG

The Second Browning Pilgrimage (**1) sailed from New York June 21, 1930, on the Italian liner ROMA, landing at Naples the last day of the same month. In addition to the usual sight-seeing in the neighborhood, we visited the Italo-American Union housed in the beautiful Palazzo Belvedere on the Vomero and were received by Prince Fabrizio Cigala, Principe di Tiriolo who greeted us in behalf of Contessa Fanny Zampini-Salazar, absent in Rome. It is she who has worked indefatigably to establish the most cordial relations between Italians and sojourners in Italy from the United States.

On the famed Bertolini terrace Contessa Salazar tendered a reception to the First Pilgrimage, bringing together to meet us the governor of Calabria, the professors of the University of Naples, poets, literati and other persons of literary and social coteries to the number of about one hundred. The meeting has historical interest as it was here the Italo-American Union in Naples was born. In the four years that have passed, the Union has had an interesting history and has established itself in the historic palace on the side of the glorious amphitheatre overlooking the Bay of Naples.

SCIROCCO AT RAVELLO

The poem of Browning which most presented itself to our minds in this neighborhood was *The Englishman in Italy*. The scenery, landscape, life of the people are pictured vividly and the scirocco is described graphically. We motored from Naples to Pompeii over the splendid new road—no more dust—journeyed on over the mountains to Amalfi and then to Ravello, one of the most romantically beautiful spots in Italy, where we lunched on the veranda of Madam Palumbo's famous hostelry.

Soon the scirocco blew up and for something like an hour Browning's poem became a living reality. We were above the storm but we watched with intense interest the play of the elements as the lightning zigzagged in fury and majesty from one mountain top to another, while clouds enshrouded as with a diaphanous veil the twin villages of Minori and Majori on the blue Salernian bay far below. I have often heard that Lake Como is a finer picture in storm than in calm and I can testify that one doesn't forget a storm on Como, and I count among the outstanding events of a summer filled with unusual experiences this storm viewed from our mountain eyrie in Ravello.

**1 The First Browning Pilgrimage sailed from New York June 26, 1926. It numbered thirty-four persons including members of the Browning Clubs of Boston, Kansas City, Los Angeles and other Browning students, not allied to any especial club. It had many signal courtesies extended to it; for example, a service in Westminster Abbey at Browning's grave during which the abbey was closed to all others not directly connected with the Pilgrimage.

Sitting at the windows of the inn we watched the shifting storm-clouds and at intervals read the delightful chapter on Ravello from Caroline Atwater Mason's *Spell of Italy*. Even Sorrento, one of the loveliest spots on earth, did not tempt us from Ravello and we lingered until the last minute before leaving for the bougainvillea-trellised balconies of the Tramontana.

I can speak only of the high places in this wonderful summer's experience for there were events of interest sufficient to fill a book. Many delightful affairs must of necessity be passed over or be written in subsequent chapters.

FOURTH OF JULY IN ROME

It is always a custom with Americans abroad to celebrate the Fourth and we did it in fine style in the Eternal City. We secured a private drawing room at the Palace Hotel and invited a few guests. Fortunately Contessa Zampini-Salazar was in Rome and we gave her the place of honor. Contessa Salazar has played an important part in her country's history. Her father was Garibaldi's right-hand man. Her husband was immensely rich and prominent as an art connoisseur. The Contessa has represented the women of Italy on two separate occasions at world conferences in America. She was intimate with Queen Margherita and has written a scholarly biography of Margherita which has been published in both Italian and English. She has three volumes on the Brownings and has written in all not less than a dozen books. When Galli-Curci was in the Baylor Browning Shrine, her eye caught the name of Salazar on one of the books and she exclaimed with delight, "I know that woman, she is one of the foremost women in Italy."

The Contessa Salazar, who is now above three score years, has known hundreds of the most important people of her generation. Her private den at the Palazzo Belvedere is adorned with autographed pictures of kings, queens, popes, cardinals and hosts of world-renowned friends.

Aside from the Contessa Salazar, we had the Count and Countess Vanutelli who are very charming people. The Count is a retired admiral in the Italian navy, a nephew of the late Cardinal Vanutelli. The Countess is a handsome woman and her daughter, Madam Despujols, is widely known over Europe as the wife of the notable French artist—who has made many portraits of his beautiful young wife, one of which hangs in the Luxembourg in Paris.

With such guests of honor we did not lack for scintillating conversation.

There is a large Italian-American colony in Rome which also entertained in our honor, affording us the pleasure of meeting many of their members and other distinguished people, not the least pleasing being Donna Olivia Agresti-Rossetti, the daughter of the famous Pre-

Raphaelite William Rossetti. This family being both English and Italian has figured in the history of both countries. Mr. Mussolini sent a special representative from the ministry for this occasion.

MUSSOLINI RECEIVES THE BROWNING PILGRIMS*

Contessa Zampini-Salazar was quite eager for us to meet Mussolini—whom she idolizes. When the First Browning Pilgrimage was in Rome four years before, she arranged an audience for us. Since then Signor Mussolini has instructed one of the Italian consuls in America to express his appreciation to Baylor University for a copy of a booklet which we issued entitled *Baylor's Browning Interests* and which was sent to him on request.

When Mr. Mussolini notified the American ambassador that he would be pleased to receive us, the "Charge d' Affaires ad interim," Alexander Kirk, called to inform us and to instruct us in the niceties of such a reception. His visit was followed by a special messenger from the Italian "ministero degli Affari Esteri" bearing a very large envelope with a gold seal. In Italian the Secretary had informed us that "the Chief of the Government"—as Mussolini is invariably called—"would receive us at 19.45 in the Palazzo Venezia."

It was a memorable day. The Browning Pilgrims had been given an audience by the Pope at one and now at 7:45 we were being accorded a private reception by Mussolini. It thrills Americans to see Mussolini as he leaves his home in his automobile—as some of us had done—but to see him intimately at close range was exciting and unforgettable.

This reception was arranged especially for the Browning Pilgrims and no other guests were present. We waited for ten minutes in the anteroom at Palazzo Venezia as the ambassador's secretary had cautioned us about being late and suggested we should be at least fifteen minutes before the set time.

It was not long until the attendants led us in procession through a half dozen elegant salons into the presence of the man himself. Every attendant withdrew. The Chief advancing to greet us, gave the Fascisti salute and addressed us in good English. He was familiar with our Browning program. He asked us specifically about it, and commended it cordially. He mentioned the fact that Italian poets and painters had inspired many English artists. He asked about our itinerary, our objectives and when we mentioned Rimini, Ravenna and Fano as places we would visit, his face was suffused with pleasure and he said, "Why that's my country." I told him I had been to Predappio (his birthplace) and he seemed quite pleased.

Italy's Premier was in a particularly gracious mood, and had a personal distinctive word of greeting for each one of our group of

*Since our return to America, Mr. Mussolini has shown his further interest in Baylor Browning Collection and this pilgrimage by sending his autographed photograph in large cabinet size to be placed in the Browning Library.

nineteen. He was all kindness. His face reflected none of the hardness we see in his photographs. He was most cordial and even seemed happy to have us with him. I had experienced some twinges of conscience at taking the time of this busy man but he made me forget it, even made me feel the pleasure was his quite as much as ours.

The Facisti salute, repeated a half dozen times as we retired down the long salon, was his inevitable gesture of farewell and nineteen Americans returned it gallantly.

SHIP OF CALIGULA AT NEMI

Each day of our stay in Rome was full to the brim. We had all the usual sights to sandwich between our Browning program and our social engagements. Every conscientious traveller to Rome goes to Tivoli but it is only the student traveller who couples that trip with other charming places in the environs of Rome. Mussolini has built a marvellous new road to Tivoli—and we did the magic horseshoe around the caves of the sibyls and the Falls of the Anio than which there is no finer view around Rome—with pleasure. Thence we drove via Cicero's famous Tusculum Villa, Frascati, Rocca di Papa and a dozen smaller places past Alba Longa, Lago di Albano and on to the crater-encircled Lago di Nemi, navelled in woody hills.

For hundreds of years, popes and kings have known of the phantom ship in the bottom of Lake Nemi but it remained for Mussolini to bring it to the surface. Many unsuccessful efforts had been made to lift the boat from the lake. Divers had established the richness of its bronze adornments and its size but no force could draw the boat from the bottom of the lake where it had been embedded nearly two thousand years. Mussolini decided to draw off the water of the lake until the boat should be on dry land, thus lowering the water's level twenty feet so that now one may see the magnificent ship which is being reconstructed into museum shape. Three or four "shack" museums already hold the findings but Mussolini has in mind big things for this boat. There is no telling how long the complete excavations will require, but I should advise everyone who goes to Rome to drive out to Nemi to see it. And if strawberries are ripe, he can re-read his Horace and live again with the great Latin lyricist.

RECORDS AT ST. PETER'S

To those familiar with Browning's *"The Ring and the Book"* there is no need to describe Pompilia who is considered by many one of the foremost female characters in fiction. The Browning Pilgrims were retracing the route over which she made her tragic flight. But Pompilia is not entirely fiction, she actually lived. For four years I had tried to see the records of her birth, her marriage, her death in "Archivio Generale del Vicariato." This time I was successful. The

records in Latin from the Church of San Lorenzo in Lucina tell that Pompilia, the daughter of Pietro and Violanti Camparini, was baptized July 23, 1680, was married to Guido Franceschini Sept 6, 1693, and died on the 7th of January, 1698. The learned secretary was most gracious. He showed us the records, he took us through many "acres" of similar records and then he invited me to his own private quarters where he showed me his priceless incunabula. It was the beginning of a friendship which kindred interests cemented at once.

THE RING AND THE BOOK COUNTRY

We left Rome to follow the trail of Caponsacchi and Pompilia, the ill-fated lovers. We soon crossed the Ponte Milvio and then took the old road which is so much more charming than the new one. Our first stop was Castelnuovo where we saw the inn, the prison, the church of historic fame and so interesting was it all that instead of spending minutes there as we had done on the First Pilgrimage, we spent hours. There are at least three places that should be marked with Browning tablets and I hope at no distant date to be able to memorialize every place in *The Ring and the Book* that may be definitely localized.

After Castelnuovo we passed many little villages full of local color and picturesque interest, such as Regnano, Civita Castellana, Borghetto, Ortricola, until we came to Narni "clinging like a martin's nest to the brink of the cleft," high above the Neri. Narni grips one like "a vignette out of some brown old missal." We passed through the gate and wandered the winding main street delighted with the architecture; visited the town hall with the original model of the great statue of Gattamelata, a native of Narni; saw the grand salon with its masterpiece; visited a private home to see how primitively the people within an hour of Rome live. On my schedule I had allowed fifteen minutes for Narni—we stayed two hours!—but such two hours. How I longed for Henry James' *Italian Hours* so I could re-read the delightful chapters where he tells his own reaction to these once important places which have become long since curtained behind the haze of the centuries.

From Narni we made a detour to the Falls of Terni over which Byron was so ecstatic. But commercialism with its Croesus-touch has turned the falls into gold and great factories have diverted their rushing waters into money-paying channels leaving only enough of their former beauty to tantalize the imagination with what they must have been in their glory.

HILL CITIES

The drive from Terni to Arezzo is full of interest but the associations with Browning are not especially important. One thing in a trip like the Browning Pilgrimage is that every place is a high place and the

days are filled overwhelmingly with interest. The historic "hill towns" which only can be seen to advantage in a motor tour or on foot, are comparatively seldom visited by the American tourist. But those who know history and art and love beauty are visiting these places in increasing numbers every year. Each little town along the highway has mosaicked its history into the gorgeous background of Italy's past and one views them with much the same interest that he studies the half effaced pictures in the lower church of St. Francis at Assisi. Each one has contributed to a past rich in glory and accomplishments which centuries have not succeeded in entirely effacing. One finds it hard to pull himself away and if one can be pleased with the little inns in these remote places, he can spend a delightful summer vagabonding in this section of Italy. We passed Stettura, Spoleto, La Verne, Foligno; Assisi so very interesting in connection with St. Francis; Perugia with its wealth of the finest Perugino's art; Lake Trasimene where Hannibal's victory converted one of its tributaries into blood; Cortona, famed alike for its picturesque situation and its art, and then we came to Arezzo.

AREZZO

To the readers of *The Ring and the Book*, Arezzo and Rome are the chief places. Arezzo, the home of Caponsacchi, Pompilia and Guido Franceschini, afforded the arena for the principals in the great tragedy. Guido brought his bride here and here Caponsacchi at the church of the Pieve began the great change of life that made him the hero of Browning's masterpiece. The Chiesa della Pieve has probably changed little or perhaps not at all in the centuries that have elapsed since those grim days. It is attractive on the outside with its four stories of arcades beautified by exquisite masonry. The stone is grey with centuries and so lofty is the church in narrow canyonlike street that the facade appears to have been "chiselled out of the face of a cliff." Nearby is the campanile. Inside the church is impressive, entirely barren of adornment. There are no chapels. The High altar is like a great platform or dais in a judgment hall. All is so different from the elaborate decorations of the Roman churches.

This church ought by all means to be marked, and I am hoping that soon a tablet may be dedicated with fitting ceremonies. So far no Guido Franceschini palace has been located but the city is attractive and rich in interests which unfold themselves to student-travellers with each succeeding visit.

SIENA

Through the kindness of Mrs. Klyda R. Steege, an Anglo-American writer whom I have known many years, I made arrangements for the tablet which should be dedicated at Siena. The house in which Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning lived in the summers of 1859 and

1860 was styled Villa Alberti and it is outside of the city a short distance at a place called Marciano. It belongs to Signor Paolo Paoletti whose permanent residence seems to be Volterra but who lives here a few weeks or months each year. Situated high above the surrounding country, it commands a fine prospect. It is a modest old palace with many things in it dating back several centuries to its founding by a churchman known as Bishop Paoletti. It gave us a good idea of the interior of an Italian home of the noble class. Everything was in order so that if its owner came without notice, all could be arranged comfortably within a few hours.

For some reason when I arrived, although arrangements had been pending for months, we had not yet secured the permission of the podesta (mayor) of the city to place the tablet. In passing I may say no memorial may be placed upon a house without the permission of both the government and the owner of the property and all such memorials must be written in Italian.

At first I felt a pang of disappointment but I went to the task with zeal. In a short time the city had given its permission; the owner had already consented. Workmen were busy at our hotel laying a new tile floor. I told the manager my predicament. He gave immediate cooperation. One of the masons was spared to place the tablet and a "sunrise" service of dedication followed at 7 o'clock on July 11th. It was necessary to act thus promptly because elaborate arrangements had been made for us to dedicate the tablet at Bagni di Lucca Caldi the same afternoon. I had expected to have a vesper service at Siena but was indeed grateful that everything could be finished while I was there to oversee it.

The slab on Villa Paoletti was placed just above the ground floor. It reads:

IN QUESTA CASA
NELLI ANNI 1859, 1860
ABITARONO I DUE GRANDI POETI INGLESI
ROBERT e ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
L' ENGLISH DEPARTMENT DEL BAYLOR UNIVERSITY
WACO TEXAS U S A
QUESTO RICORDO POSE

The tablet was unveiled by Miss Jane McCollum of Denver, Colorado, an enthusiastic young lady of high school age. She mounted a ladder in order to reach the covering. An address on the *Eternality of Friendship*, emphasizing the unique place held by the Brownings in literature and life constituted the main ideas of the dedication address.

SAN GIMIGNANO

In Browning's letters to Isa Bladen, he tells of his eagerness to visit San Gimignano. It was this which first excited my interest

in the city. Never once since I first visited it years ago have I been in Europe without going there. To stand where Dante more than six hundred years ago addressed its citizens, to dream again the passion and pathos of Savonarola as he poured forth his warnings, to wander in the city of towers and reconstruct in imagination the twelfth century, to be without haste in the "most Tuscan city left in Italy" would inspire people with far less romantic temperaments than ours.

The tradition of the founding of San Gimignano goes back to the days of Catiline when two of his confederates were forced to flee the vengeance of their enemies and here established a retreat. By the tenth century it was able to accord signal hospitality to Charlemagne and many are the dignitaries who have been connected with the city. But for us Browning, Savonarola and Dante were quite sufficient.

From San Gimignano we took the road to Certaldo to visit the grave of Boccaccio, to linger in his home which has been made into a museum. It is a lovely country and the road is more attractive than the one by Volterra which we had taken on previous visits.

PISA

I can linger between Certaldo and Bagni only long enough at Pisa to tell of our visit to the first settled abode of the newly-wedded poets where already a tablet announces the fact. They lived on the top floor of an apartment building close "the Duomo and leaning down on the great collegio built by Facini." We climbed to the lofty quarters but we wondered if Elizabeth Barrett Browning climbed up and down them often. It is generally conceded that in this home of the poets, Mrs. Browning first showed her husband *The Sonnets from the Portuguese*.

Everywhere I had the most cordial cooperation in ferreting out places connected with the poets. Dott. Prof. Guido Fornelli who is connected with both the royal naval academy at Livorno and with the University at Pisa as professor of English was very helpful as were also Prof. Amando Carlini rector of the University of Pisa and the owners of the apartments. We could have readily held a memorial service in honor of the Brownings with the foremost people of Pisa in interested attention. Prof. Fornelli dined with me in Florence. He was most cordial in his expression of friendship for American men of letters and in his admiration of the Brownings.

BAGNI DI LUCCA CALDI

The drive to Bagni di Lucca Caldi from Pisa is through the heart of the mountains. I love to reach the Bagni about twilight when the glorious panorama of mountains is being lighted with the twinkling stars from a hundred villages scattered far and wide through this

valley of poets and up the sides of the mountains. I believe next to the view from Ravello which I found the most beautiful in Italy. I would place the views from the Bagni Caldi.

To the person acquainted with the peregrinations of poets, Bagni Caldi is no stranger. Shelley was fascinated with the place and found the utmost delight in bathing in its streams and reading his Greek poets in alternate expressions of joy. Byron too was almost vociferous in its praise so that it is no wonder to find the Brownings happy in this paradise of their literary antecedents. Everywhere one looks is a gorgeous tapestry of nature where greens, yellows and reds weave themselves into exquisite harmony.

It is a rare privilege for one to roam these upper Apennines alone—(if one is alone in company with the immortals) thinking of Heine and Tennyson—Lamartine and Mrs Hemans, of the youthful Duse who started her immortal career here, of Puccini playing for a few lire a night. One is on the uplands spiritually as well as topographically.

On our arrival at Bagni we were met by a delegation of ten, headed by the podesta of twenty cities and villages scattered throughout the mountains. He was Mussolini's special representative, a man of attractive personality, of education and of high social standing and culture. This group welcomed us and informed us all was in readiness for the exercises. I was not prepared, however, for the sight which greeted me a half hour later when I was again met by the committee and conducted to the scene of the dedication—the house where the Brownings had lived in 1853 and 1857.

The occasion had been made into a kind of fiesta. An immense crowd from the surrounding villages and cities—some had motored even from Florence—awaited us. The tablet completely surrounded with a double row of delicate blue hydrangeas was covered with the American and Italian flags and further decorated with gorgeous red silk. A carpet had been spread in the street for the guests of honor and the speakers. I was given the seat of honor. Several groups were especially noticeable in the crowd, the Facisti in full regalia and the junior Facisti league, similar to the American boy scouts.

Several elaborate addresses were made and when the flags were drawn, all arose in reverence for the poets whose names had helped to add fame to the little village in the heart of the Apennines.

This tablet reads.

IN QUESTA CASA
I DUE FAMOSI POETI INGLESI
ROBERT e ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING
PASSARONO L' ESTATE DEGLI ANNI 1853 e 1857.
L' ENGLISH DEPARTMENT DEL BAYLOR UNIVERSITY
WACO, TEXAS, U S A
QUESTO RICORDO POSE
LUGLIO 1930 ANNO VIII

The group present included distinguished princes and other members of Italian nobility, men of wealth and position from both the

English and Italian Colonies Many have villas here and all were familiar with the Brownings. The house in which the Brownings lived is at present occupied by Comm. Dott. Adriano Bastiani, Director delle RR Termi. It has been enlarged since the days of the Brownings but the portion occupied by the poets has remained unchanged except perhaps the entrance used by the poets was on the side while now the entrance is at the front.

It is an attractive home elegantly furnished. As we went from room to room in the historic mansion, Dr. Bastiani pointed out some candlesticks of silver which had been in the house in Browning's days and which he felt the poets had used. Of course, I waxed enthusiastic about them.

After the dedicatory exercises we were given a "seated tea" and then once more I rambled through the house. Imagine my surprise and delight when Dr. Bastiani presented to me the silver candlesticks of Browning as a souvenir of our visit.

But the eagerness of the inhabitants had not yet been exhausted. They drove us over the mountains for many miles stopping at the hot bath establishments—amazingly up to date and yet visited by the Romans of the days of the Caesars. A more beautiful drive could hardly have been arranged. At night, there was a dance in our honor at the Casino—and a wonderful Casino it was. All this was found to the amazement of some of our group in a place little known to the tourist. Surely a great awakening is in store for American travellers who visit the Old World repeatedly and have not been to the Bagni di Lucca Caldi.

But the supreme evidence of appreciation came when the hotel director informed me that Mr. Mussolini's representative had ordered him to remit the ordinary head tax levied on all visitors. We were guests of the community. They were determined to show us a welcome.

CURTIS PALACE

We met many distinguished people. Most of them spoke English. Very charming indeed was Adolfo Betti, director of the famous Flonzaley Quartet who has a beautiful villa at Bagni Caldi. His father had helped Puccini in the days when that musician was a struggling player.

Mr. Ralph Randolph Latimer came forward after my address and said, "I wonder if you would like to visit my palace in Venice, Browning was often there." I immediately replied, "Do you live in the Curtis Palace?" A bit surprised, he answered in the affirmative. Naturally, I was delighted for I had often longed to visit the Curtis Palace but I had no means of introduction so had carried in my heart an unfulfilled longing. Mr. Latimer gave me a card to his housekeeper who later piloted us through every room with much pride. As the climax she brought out the first editions of Browning which the poet had read and marked in that very room. It was a rare privi-

lege to one like myself who had been hunting down Browning associations for twenty years.

An amusing incident happened when I went to the Curtis Palace in the forenoon to inform "Angelina" (the housekeeper) I was coming and to show her my credentials from the owner. She asked, "How many are with you?" and when I replied, "Nineteen," she threw up her hands in horror and said "My God." She, however, dressed herself in her best and seemingly enjoyed the hour as much as anyone of us. She was actually bursting with pride as she explained to us the countless treasures dating back to Michael Angelo or connected with some celebrity or other. She evidently was familiar with the history of all the objects of art.

FLORENCE

From Bagni di Lucca we went to Florence where there are so many Browning associations. We stopped en route at Cannetto where the Contessa Editha Rucellai's mother, the well known Mrs. Katherine de Kay Bronson, a warm friend of Browning's, is buried and as the First Browning Pilgrims had done, we blanketed the grave with flowers.

Of course, we visited Casa Guidi—went out to Vallombrosa, Prato and all places connected with Browning. The Baron and Baroness von Schlotheim invited us to tea at their villa on Bellosguardo, where Isa Bladgen, one of the closest friends of the poets, had lived.

The view from the villa is superb and the inside is most attractive. The Baron who belongs to one of the foremost German families, married Miss Mabel Paine of the well known Baltimore family. They have fitted up this home artistically and they dispensed a lavish hospitality to us. We later had the pleasure of having them as our guests at a banquet given to meet our Florentine friends.

At Florence we saw also Miss Helen Zimmern, now in her 84th year. She was a close friend of Browning and is one of the few left. The *Florence Weekly* carried a full first page account of our celebration at Lucca and the Italian papers were most generous in the interest which they took of our wanderings.

FANO

We tore ourselves away from Florence with the same longing in our hearts that everyone has who visits it. We wished to linger months instead of days. Strangely enough while all our friends in America were sweltering with the heat, we were enjoying the most delightfully cool weather. Only twice during the entire Pilgrimage were we uncomfortably warm, one day in Spain and another in London! We left Florence for Vallombrosa where we slept under blankets. The drive through the pine forests is one of the thoroughly satisfying experiences one has in Europe.

From Vallombrosa we went to Fano where another unveiling took place in the church of the San Agostino. It was at Fano in August

1848 that Browning and his wife had visited this chapel of S. Agostino to see Guercino's "Guardian Angel." They had both been charmed by the picture which would probably never attract any special attention today except for Browning's well known poem.

Dr. William Lyons Phelps' Fano Club is familiar to readers of *Scribner's* and to lovers of Browning. My first visit at Fano long years ago was most satisfying and I therefore included the place on my First Browning Pilgrimage, difficult as it is of access. When I considered the placing of tablets, Fano immediately suggested itself. I had been surprised that Rector Tantarelli, President of the Seminary of which the chapel is now a part did not know Browning's poem and so I prepared copies of it in both Italian and in English and sent them to him. In thanking me, he replied he had framed the poems and placed them under the picture where indeed we found them last July. They had been exquisitely copied, reminding me of pages from an illuminated manuscript.

The dedication of the tablet was arranged under the auspices of the new rector, Doctor Adamo Pucci who himself delivered an address in Italian, glorifying the Brownings. He showed an appreciation of art and poetry and commended the arts as a means of bringing together people widely separated and diverse. Fortunately, I have his manuscripts and sometime possibly can give this and other addresses to the public in English translations.

The tablet at Fano reads:

QUESTO ANGELO CUSTODE
DEL GUERCINO ISPIRO IL
GRANDE POETA INGLESE
ROBERT BROWNING
A SCRIVERE UNA DELLE SUE
POESIE PIU' POPULARI
LAPIDE COLLOCATA IN-
SEGNO DI VENERAZIONE
DA BAYLOR UNIVERSITY'S
DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH
WACO, TEXAS
FANO LUGLIO 1930

The tablet was covered with three flags, the American, Italian and English. Immediately under the slab is Prof Lino Pellegrini's Italian version of the *Guardian Angel*. The poet's English version is there also.

Many years ago in Fano, I was fortunate to meet Signor Luigi Antonelli. I was quite delighted to find he was still there and I asked him to act in the capacity of chairman of the celebration.

The nineteen Pilgrims joined the Fano Club by sending cards to Dr. William Lyon Phelps of Yale. Miss Matilda Brown, one of our

number, director of the Browning Society of Independence, Missouri, read *The Guardian Angel*.

The celebration over, we returned to Rimini by the way of San Marino and next day continued our journey to Ravenna. We crossed the Rubicon and visited all places connected with the Francesca da Rimini story. Dante came in for his share of our gratitude as we lingered in the Pineta and among the scenes immortalized by that greatest of Italian geniuses.

SORDELLO COUNTRY

Then we began another phase of our Pilgrimage. We trailed the places mentioned in Browning's *Sordello*. Ferrara, Verona, Mantua, Goito, Bassano, Asolo and Venice figure in various ways in Browning's poem. Salinguerra, Palma, Adelaide, Eccelini, Eglamor are the principal characters who played their part in this limited area of northern Italy.

Ferrara is a fine town, has many attractions for the traveller even if he is not interested in Sordello, and should be visited. Verona is quite interesting aside from "Juliet's Tomb" which has been greatly improved by the municipality in the last few years.

Mantua closely connected with Vergil as well as Sordello was far more interesting than we had expected. The various memorials to Vergil, the cathedral, the castello, the palace, the situation on an island, the new city, were all splendid. Several of us decided to return for a more extended visit.

Leaving Mantua we searched for Sordello associations near Goito. These are rather scant, but quite satisfactory when found. An old well-head with the coat-of-arms of the family and ruins of the old castle which has been converted into a peasant farmer's house urged us to linger in the neighborhood.

ASOLO

From Mantua we motored to Lago di Garda by the way of Solferino and ate our luncheons on lovely Sirmio dear to poets from Catullus to Tennyson. Even now d'Annunzio has a villa on Lake Garda. We found it convenient for our visit to Asolo to take up our abode at Padua instead of Venice and it worked out capitally.

As we were motoring with no train schedules to follow, we did not need to hurry unduly. Our Italian chauffeurs were most accommodating and almost as eager as we were. Incidentally we used the same chauffeurs who had driven our First Browning Pilgrimage so they were familiar with our unusual routing, having ferretted it out with me in 1926.

Vicenza with its magnificent public square, Bassano which charmed Napoleon, Solagna with its curious monument and tomb of Eccelini the

monk, Castelfranco with Giorgione's madonna which some competent critics rank with the *Sistine*, Possagno with its handsome memorial church to Canova are only a few of the places one visits on the way to the country of Pippa

Almost a hundred years have passed since Browning first became enamoured of the city but the place has surely lost none of its charm. Linger still is the aroma of half-forgotten days when Cardinal Bembo and Catharine Cornaro, ex-queen of Cyprus, lived here at their "Play Court" in majesty. Fragrances of the blossoms from the grave of Eleanora Duse and the roses from the cemetery where until a year ago Robert Barrett Browning rested—before his remains were transferred to the Cimitero degli Allori outside the Porto Romano of his own native Florence, make Asolo a kind of Holy of Holies to the Browning lover.

PIPPA STILL LINGERS

More than twenty years ago, I first visited Asolo, on the invitation of Mr. Robert Barrett Browning to be his guest. I was taken to the lace mills which he founded there in memory of his father and I saw some thirty attractive Italian peasants working away contentedly gaining an honest livelihood. A few years later when Mr. Browning passed away, the mills were discontinued and remained closed until Mrs. John Beach of Boston and Asolo revived the silk industry. So efficiently has she managed the work that she has been constantly enlarging her plant. Mrs. Beach does all this work purely out of her interest for the people of her adopted community. She sells the silk in large quantities in America. Very beautiful it is and most artistic. Even the approach of night could hardly pull us from the show rooms. For our Baylor Browning Room, I secured a charming rainbow silk scarf for the grand piano.

Mrs. Beach, who lives in Toricello, the former home of Robert Barrett Browning, entertains most hospitably as the members of both the First and Second Browning Pilgrimages can attest. It seems her villa grows more attractive every year and certainly the outlook in the evening from her belvedere is a sight which etches itself into the memory. Since our last visit Mr. Beach has built a studio, splendidly in keeping with the rest of the castle. Villa Toricello adjoins the old palace of Catharine Cornaro. It is perched high above the surrounding plains and is part of the old wall. From it one sees in Possagno Canova's memorial, La Mura, once the home of Mrs. Bronson but now for many years occupied by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Sullivan; the house where Canova's father was butler; the home of Duse's daughter and many other sights. In the far distance the towers of Venice—and in another direction those of Padua are silhouetted against the sky. Everywhere is romance, everywhere beauty, the delights of today and yesterday intermingled. The Rocca looks down on plains

that saw the armies of the Romans and it still sees many fine old villas that belonged to the Doges of Venice No wonder Browning loved it

“How many a year, my Asolo,
Since, one step just from sea to land—
I found you, loved, yet feared you so—
For natural objects seemed to stand
Palpably fire-clothed.”

VENICE

Mrs. Browning found Venice a city of wizardry. For more than a thousand years its magic has gripped all comers Soldier, Statesman, Poet—all have bowed beneath her spell. Today one has only to stand in St. Marks' Square to capitulate completely and the spell grows with each succeeding hour in its midst.

To the lovers of Browning, Palazzo Rezzonico is the outstanding association. When the First Browning Pilgrimage visited Venice, the chatelaine of the Palazzo was Mrs. Cole Porter of New York and Paris, whom I had known in Louisville, Kentucky, when she was the beautiful Linda Lee. Today Mrs. Porter is still recognized as one of the most beautiful women in the world. She proved a gracious hostess. She and her husband, the well-known musical composer Cole Porter had invited a number of guests to meet us, among whom were Millicent Duchess of Sutherland, Prof. Wooley of Yale and Miss Roosevelt. They united to show us the Palazzo in all its historic associations. Years before, Count Liavello Hierschel de Minerbi himself, the owner of the palace, had accompanied me and had shown me every crack and cranny.

This year the Count, who lives in Rome, most graciously permitted us to go through the various salons. The palace is unoccupied and the gorgeous furnishings have been removed. I understard the palace is for sale, most reasonably, and I sincerely hope some lover of Browning will acquire it. Even without its furnishings, it is a feast to the lover of beauty.

Students of Browning know Prof Lino Pellegrini of Venice who has translated six or eight volumes of Browning's poems. He gave me *Pippa Passes* on which the ink was still wet. It was a first copy I failed to see Signora Pezze-Pascoloto this time as she was at her country villa. She is at work on a life of Browning in Italian. Of course, I never passed Casa Alvisi without thinking of the former associations and brilliance when Mrs. Bronson and her daughter, the Contessa Rucellai had dispensed a lavish hospitality

THROUGH THE DOLOMITES

We traversed the territory of Browning in his own First Pilgrimage. We had read and re-read his poems. All the way across the Atlantic I had given lectures on Browning and whenever opportunity afforded

itself I continued them after our landing. We followed Browning through the Piave—through Trent, past Innsbruck and thence to Munich where we were to see the Passion Play as the personal guests of the Anton Langs. This was in part the road followed by Browning on his return to England after his first visit.

FRANCE

Already this chapter is sufficiently long. Perhaps later I shall write of our wanderings in some Spanish cloister showing "how it strikes a contemporary." From Biarritz we went to St Nazaire and motored through Brittany. Browning learned to love Brittany by reason of his repeated visits. At Le Croisic is the splendid tribute to Herve Riel the Croisikese sailor. Auray, Audierne, St Malo, Dinard, Dinan, St Enogat were familiar recreation grounds to the poet during the years after his wife's death and furnished him material for a number of poems.

ENGLAND

Of course, England has many associations. We saw at Malvern the second performance of *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and we had the pleasure of listening to Gilbert K Chesterton who gave us a private lecture on Browning and remained to dine with us. In Warwick in a beautiful garden, with St. Mary's Church for a background, we listened to John Drinkwater read his poems and plays.

Our London Banquet brought together again familiar faces such as W. H. Kingsland the first biographer of Browning, and Mrs. Kingsland, Mr P. H. Hood who was with us before and who is a great lover of Browning, Mrs French Sheldon wonderful and active at ninety and full of the life she has lived, who cherishes the memory of the hours she entertained Browning while Moscheles was painting his portrait, and Miss Butler, whose father was a Shakspearean actor of note in the Victorian era. Mr and Mrs Gilbert K. Chesterton, helped to make a very congenial group.

And so to the end

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